New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Summer Books Number

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Labour and the Bomb

THOUGH the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has been non-party in form, it has always been clear that its main hope of success lay in changing the policy of the Labour Party. But the only way in which its propaganda could ultimately be brought to bear on practical politics was through the Labour machine.

Until last week it seemed unlikely that this would happen. Most of the constituency parties supported the Campaign line; so did a growing number of young people, a good many middle-class liberals, religious and moral pacifists. But its backing in the trade union movement, where the big votes are to be found, had been limited. Some minor union officials have spoken on Campaign platforms: Mr Robert Willis and Mr Frank Cousins were in Trafalgar Square at Easter. Not even the most optimistic Campaigner, however, could have seen much hope of making big inroads into the five million-odd votes which, Mr Gaitskell believed, had settled the issue at Brighton. That is no longer the case. For the 'unilateral disarmament' vote last Thursday at the conference of the General and Municipal Workers Union – by 150 to 126 with 75 abstaining – has opened the door that only 18 months ago was slammed shut.

It may be that in the next few weeks other unions will move in the same direction. The Transport Workers may decide to adopt the known personal views of Mr Cousins; the railwaymen and the mineworkers are also bound to be influenced by the lead given by the least radical of the big unions. But there is no need for the Labour leadership to wait for these returns to come in: the party's nuclear policy must be changed if the movement is to avoid a split on the eve of an election.

The necessity of change may be distasteful to Mr Gaitskell, who goes no further than the unilateral suspension of nuclear tests. He has shown some uneasiness at Mr Bevan's construction of the word 'suspension' to mean 'stop'. And he has so far resisted any attempt to re-open the question. But it is no longer possible to block such a discussion. Quite apart from the defection of the General and Municipal Workers – and, ironically, this is Mr Gaitskell's own trade union, which strongly backed his bid for the party leadership – there has been growing pressure from the TUC. It was the TUC which took the initiative in the original joint declaration against nuclear tests and rocket bases. And it is the TUC General Council – preparing its report for Congress – which has again requested a joint discussion about nuclear policy.

A meeting for this purpose must take place in the next few weeks. It may very well be drafting the nuclear policy on which Labour will fight the election. But how far will this new policy differ from the Brighton decision?

Part of the answer depends on Mr Bevan, who has been increasingly uneasy about the official line. Unlike Mr George Brown and Mr Strachey, who believe that Britain must base its defence policy on nuclear deterrents, Mr Bevan has argued that unilateral renunciation was a mistake because it would deprive Britain of any chance to bargain. Mr Gaitskell, in fact, made a concession to this point of view last year at the Scarborough conference, when he admitted that if the price of limiting the nuclear club was British renunciation, then it might be a viable policy for Labour. At this moment, therefore, Mr Bevan – and some of the trade union leaders – may be thinking that a new statement could proceed from this starting point.

Those who stand for unilateral renunciation would consider that this falls a long way short of their objective. But the idea of a non-nuclear club, in which Britain would be the founding and foremost member, is a great step forward from Brighton, and – electorally speaking – a marked and favourable contrast to the dangerous inanities of Mr Sandys' defence policy. The proposal would have to be formulated with care; there is a sharp and important distinction between ending the manufacture of bombs and destroying existing stockpiles. But it could, in a period when public anxiety about radioactive hazards and nuclear diplomacy is becoming increasingly vocal, be that first gesture that could break the vicious spiral downwards to nuclear war.

Comments on the Week's News

Climax at Geneva

The Foreign Ministers' conference has now reached crisis-point. Mr Gromyko's drastic proposal on Wednesday may lead to a final deadlock, for the new 'time-limit' seems to violate Eisenhower's condition of 'no ultimatum' for the Summit. Can the conference now achieve anything useful? Earlier in the week, our correspondent in Geneva reports, the atmosphere was distinctly optimistic. The Adenauer bombshell, so far from leading the western ministers to take a more intransigent line, as the Chancellor intended, in fact caused considerable resentment in the western camp, and for the first time even M. Couve de Murville had some bitter words to say about Bonn. Western delegates felt that, coming after the Selwyn Lloyd affair, it revealed such evidence of disunity in the West as to make it imperative to wind up the conference before worse happened, even if this meant relaxing the conditions for a Summit. By Monday, work was even begun on the draft of the final communiqué. Then, on Tuesday, the Soviet line stiffened. It appeared that Mr Gromyko – who had spent the last week smilingly marking time – had received fresh instructions from Moscow, following Mr Krushchev's policy talks with East German leaders the day before. These instructions, by refusing Gromyko leave to sign any compromise which confirmed a western military presence in Berlin, appeared to make a breakdown inevitable. Has Mr Krushchev's desire for a Summit evaporated? Or is the new line merely a final attempt to extract concessions from the West, before a major Soviet climb-down which now seems indispensable if the heads of government are to meet? As we go to press, these questions still remain unanswered.

France Goes it Alone

General Norstad, like Churchill, is finding the Cross of Lorraine hard to bear, and it now looks as though he will be forced to re-distribute his French-based fighter-bombers in Britain and Germany. This, though inconvenient, does not in itself worry the Nato high command. But as a symptom of the lengths to which de Gaulle is prepared to go to force Washington to admit France to the ranks of the nuclear powers, it is causing some anxious heart-searching at SHAPE headquarters. Though France's direct contribution to Nato's military resources is negligible, her geographical position makes her, at the moment, indispensable to the physical functioning of the alliance. The lines of communication of allied forces in Europe have not changed fundamentally since 1944, when they were based on Cherbourg as a port of entry, travelling across France into Germany. Sheer inertia prevented their transfer to Antwerp and Belgium. If de Gaulle, as seems likely, pursues his blackmail tactics, it may be necessary to make the change now. The trouble is – as the British and Americans are beginning to discover – mere possession of the A-bomb is not likely to satisfy the General: what he wants is a Nato political and military commitment in Algeria. As long ago as 1953, some French supporters of EDC advanced as an argument that units of the European Army could be used to defend 'western civilisation' in North Africa. Now the theme is being revived. French delegates at the current meeting of the Atlantic Council fought strenuously for a plan which would give West Europe a 'joint deterrent' and make Algeria part of Nato's 'legitimate sphere of defence' – the object being to get the US to pay for the Algerian war directly, as she did in Indo-China. Nor do France's plans stop at Algeria. French delegates also had a proposal for Nato to publish a declaration threatening to occupy Morocco 'in certain circumstances'. Western strategists admit privately that French intransigence in Algeria does the Alliance great harm, but they add, sadly: 'Without France, it couldn't exist at all'.

Defeat for the Vatican

As a result of the elections, the political situation in Sicily is, if anything, more confused than before. The attempt of the Demochristians to destroy Signor Milazzo and his Catholic splinter-group has ended in disastrous failure. They themselves lost heavily, both Communists and Socialists won a seat each, and Signor Milazzo's Christian Socialists did far better than they had expected, winning 9 seats and over 250,000 votes. This may not mean, however, that his ramshackle coalition can continue to rule the island. The Socialists will not join a government which includes the neo-Fascists, and the Demochristians, provided they are willing to eat humble pie and buy over Milazzo, could theoretically form a government with a majority of one. The one clear lesson of the election is the sharp defeat of the Vatican's attempt to black-list political parties which form *ad hoc* alliances with the CP. The recent vote in Aosta, where 30,000 risked excommunication, is now amply confirmed: even in traditionally Catholic areas, the Church can no longer deliver the vote, or even keep its own clergy in line. The point should not be lost on the Pope, who only reluctantly signed the new decree, drawn up in April by a group of right-wing cardinals in the curia; indeed, this fiasco should make it easier for him to resume his interrupted policy of 'de-politicising' the Church in Italy.

Trouble in Laos

While Mr Selwyn Lloyd and Mr Gromyko discussed the Laos situation in Geneva, the propaganda machines in Peking and Hanoi were working at full blast to build up a case against the strongly anti-Communist Laotian government. The Communists consider Laos as the Trojan horse of Seato and the American-financed Laotian army as part of American plans to make Laos a military base. The immediate issue which has led to the Gromyko-Lloyd talks (they were co-Chairmen of the Geneva Conference on Indo-China in 1954) is the refusal of two Pathet Lao resistance battalions to surrender in accordance with agreements made between the Pathet Lao and the Laotian government in 1957. At the end of May, the government troops surrounded them and there was some fighting, though this has been greatly exaggerated by Peking and Hanoi. The leader of the Neo Lao Haksat Communist-inspired party was put under house arrest. The Vietnamese Foreign Minister, Pham Van Dong, has now demanded the recall of the International Commission, part of the Geneva Agreement, which was adjourned *sine die* last July, in spite of the opposition of Poland and India. The Vietnamese demand, now repeated by the Chinese Foreign Minister, claims violations of the Agreement, the massing of Laotian troops on the Vietnamese border and the threat to peace in South-East Asia. Just how serious this is depends on how much the Chinese intend raising the temperature of their cold war with America. But this new crisis makes essential the resumption of the International Commission now demanded by its Indian and Polish members. It could at least fulfil one of its functions and damp down possible outside intervention in this uneasy Laos situation.

PRINTING DISPUTE

The Publisher regrets the inconvenience to readers caused by delays in this week's NEW STATESMAN. These are due to a dispute in the printing industry to which the NEW STATESMAN is not a party and over which it has no control. A number of editorial and advertisement pages have had to be omitted as this issue goes to press.

Singapore Press

Some such spectacular step as the new Singapore government has taken in banning half a dozen 'yellow' magazines was expected. The Peoples' Action Party are competing with an underground Communist movement to keep the mass support of an overwhelmingly Chinese population. Young Chinese everywhere are understandably exhilarated by the resurgence of China and impressed by the disciplined puritanism of the Communists who have achieved it. The PAP's attack on 'the cultural devastations of colonialism' and western-type journalistic titillation will find a ready response among Singapore Chinese who have for long played second fiddle to Britishers and English-educated Asians. PAP's threat against the European-owned *Straits Times* has likewise been motivated by political tactics, although the newspaper's dogged hostility to the party has been a provocation. The International Press Institute has sent an 'observer' to Singapore, the Swiss journalist M. Armand Gaspard. He will have his work cut out to persuade Lee Kuan Yew and his friends that only if newspapers become a threat to the running of the state should they be suppressed. But there is no reason why he should not try.

New Governor for Malta

Everyone with imagination must have been distressed at the failure of the integration talks with Malta. Here was a colony which actually wanted to come closer to Britain, and whose undoubted leader realised that the economic future of the island could only be safeguarded by being the integral part of a larger community. The arrival of a new Governor in Malta – Admiral Sir Guy Grantham was sworn in on Monday – offers a faint chance of fresh talks with the freely elected representatives of the island. It is the precondition of success, however, that both sides should acknowledge the grave faults that they have committed during the earlier exchanges. The dictatorial tone of the Treasury and the Colonial Office, the thoughtless brusqueness of Mr Sandys, are at least as much to blame as Mr Mintoff's increasingly shrill demands. And as Mr Mintoff is

at the moment ill and in a weaker position it would be sensible for Britain to make the first concessions and gestures. To maintain his leadership Mr Mintoff has been pushed into an extreme position from which only Britain can rescue him. The Labour Party should ask that the Round Table Conference be reconvened so that the viewpoint of the Maltese political parties can be explored and an interim constitutional solution be sought. Integration is the only real solution, because equality of status cannot otherwise be reconciled with the financial control which is inevitable if Malta is to be effectively helped.

Gold and Dollars

The government's run of luck in economic affairs has consistently saved it from the worst consequences of its ineffectual policies. But there is one problem which may not be solved by luck – the threat of dear money in America. If even two years ago, anyone had predicted that some of the vast hoard of idle gold in the vaults of Fort Knox would be redistributed between the countries of western Europe, he would have been called a foolhardy optimist. Yet that is precisely what has happened. American aid and private capital investment has exceeded the continuing massive surplus of US exports by some $3,000 million dollars. The US, in short, has behaved exactly as its European debtors have hoped: it has bridged the dollar gap by the export of capital. Yet now that it has happened the air is full of woeful cries about the defence of the dollar, and demands for a balanced budget, dear money, a resolute pressure on wages on the one hand, and a cut in foreign aid on the other. Should the American government be stampeded into renewed deflation so soon after recovering from a severe bout of unemployment, the situation in the world's markets would sharply deteriorate. British exports have been supported by the large outflow of American capital to primary producing countries whose purchasing power, damaged by the fall of prices, has not yet recovered. Should capital exports and US government aid also fall a general downward spiral could not be avoided. The present comfortable position of sterling would then deteriorate abruptly and the tentative recovery of production could not be maintained. Unless the Republicans change their doctrines they will put our Conservatives in the ditch.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Madrid

Communist Manœuvres

A Correspondent writes: The immediate reason for the recent arrests of Socialists throughout Spain, was the distribution of pamphlets urging a day of national protest and an amnesty for political prisoners, but the background to the story is more complex. It reflects the atmosphere of mutual distrust prevailing at present among the opposition parties. These parties recently formed a co-ordinating committee, and one of its first actions was to agree upon and organise this campaign. The most active part was played by the Socialists and Communists, while the Unión Española stood back and gave its blessing to the enterprise. From the beginning the Socialists were divided. The younger members were enthusiastic but the old guard suspected a Communist manœuvre to create a false impression of a Communist-Socialist alliance. Their misgivings were confirmed, when, on the first day of the campaign, the French newspaper *L'Humanité* reported it as purely Communist-inspired. For the Spanish authorities, this was a chance too good to be missed. Photostat copies of the newspaper article were circulated at once to all the foreign embassies in Madrid by Senor Castiella, the Foreign Minister. Moreover, between 17 and 23 May, arrests were made in Madrid, Valencia, San Sebastian and Barcelona. Not one of those detailed is a known Communist, though the list includes such prominent figures as Sr Mariano Rubio Jimenez from Madrid University and the San Sebastian psychiatrist, Luis Martini Santos. However, in the course of the last five days, some 40 workers, probably of Communist sympathies, were arrested in the Madrid suburb of Vallecas. It is thus fairly clear that the government is taking advantage of the *Humanité* article to allege a Communist plot. The Socialists, however, will be the scapegoats, and a few members of the Communist rank and file will sustain the illusion. This, at least, is the interpretation of the liberal side of the opposition, who claim that the continued immunity of well-known Communist leaders can only be explained by an entente between the party chiefs and the Franco government. The Communists, so the argument runs, are interested in a further deterioration of the situation, and the elimination of centre parties. Franco is simply determined to hang on at all costs, and to present a benevolent façade.

Moreover, Franco's wooing of the West is now beginning to pay dividends. On 3 June an agreement was signed in Madrid between representatives of the International Monetary Fund, the OEEC, and the Spanish Ministro de Hacienda, Sr Moreno, conceding $250 million in long-term credits to save the Spanish economy from imminent bankruptcy. Not surprisingly the conditions attached to these credits are severely limiting, amounting almost to international supervision of the Spanish economy. The main stipulation was the reduction of the national budget by 4,000 million pesetas. Thus the axe will fall first on the much-publicised government projects and no one can foresee the effect on public opinion when the housing programmes are announced as over-fulfilled, etc., but it is probable that a new opposition party of disgruntled parasites and frustrated Falangists will appear before long. Another condition is the suppression of preferential import licences, which will knock the bottom out of one of the most lucrative rackets of the Franco regime. For many years now, in order to import anything at all, one has needed not only priority, but influence as well and then a substantial bribe to all concerned. It has also led, of course, to a considerable black market in everything from Mercedes cars to Parker pens. Another kingpin of Spanish economic chaos will disappear when the foreign exchange rate is stabilised as is laid down in the conditions of the loan. Up to now, one could get dollars at 30, 40 or 50 pesetas according to one's nominal priority and national importance. The dollar is to be fixed at 58 pesetas which implies a minor devaluation to encourage the sale chiefly of fruit preserves in the Valencia region, where a quarter of a million tons of fruit are lying, undisposable at the present rate of exchange.

It is difficult to forecast the effect of these measures. They imply of course the liberalisation of the Spanish economy and a complete reversal of the principles so far upheld by the regime. It is hard to imagine that the Falangist syndicates or the government contractors will take it lying down. Moreover, it should produce a classic deflation, and this might prove very awkward for the government, which boasts the inception of an era of booming prosperity and progress. Things should be happening in Spain during the next nine months.

Westminster

New-style Tory

Mr Julian Amery, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, like some of the decaying houses in Notting Hill, still has an impressive facade. His black hair is as polished and shiny as his shoes, his sober suits are invariably well cut and well creased. True the gravity of his face, the modulations of his deep voice and the studiously controlled gestures suggest an actor who wishes to by-pass the *ingenu* stage and grow at once into Sir Henry Irving; but in the days before Suez, when he spoke from the back benches, he gave nevertheless an impression of authority and sincerity.

Confidence in his sincerity may have been a little shaken when he took office under Mr Macmillan; for he had been a prominent Suez rebel who urged Sir Anthony Eden not merely to invade Egypt but to stay there until his mission was accomplished. To join, without even a deprecating cough, a new government which was pledged to 'scuttle' from Suez seemed somewhat cynical even in a profession where one's personal beliefs seldom obstruct one's personal hopes. Amery reminded one of the would-be candidate who said at the close of his speech to a selection conference: 'Those are my principles. If you don't like them, I can soon change them'.

However, the House of Commons is not easily shocked and was soon watching with interest to see how Amery's career would flower on the lush pastures of the Treasury bench. To everyone's surprise it has withered rather than flowered. Normally when a man comes to the Dispatch Box and has at his call the briefs of the civil service, he gains both in confidence and in authority; but Amery did not. He became more hesitant, less well informed. The measured periods rolled forth as before, sounding well even if they meant little; but when it was interrupted by a questioner, the flow was apt to turn into a splutter. There was nothing behind the measured periods. The facade was made of *papier maché* which cracked and broke before the first probing finger.

This, however, was not all. The House does not expect junior ministers to be very bright, but it does like them to be courteous. Amery, however, has tried to cover his ignorance with a display of careless arrogance which members would not tolerate even in a man with the compensating ability of F. E. Smith. Over and over again he has treated serious questions and serious questioners with contempt; and during the few days since the House resumed after the Whitsun recess, he has brought this habit to a climax. As his chief, Mr Lennox-Boyd, has been abroad, Amery has been the sole representative of the Colonial Office at a time when the Hola camp revelations and other matters have focused atten-

tion on his department, and his performances have embarrassed his friends as much as they have infuriated his opponents.

Of course at times he has had to say just what he was told to say. When he announced that the leaders of the African National Congress would be held in prison even if the Devlin Commission found them wholly innocent of the massacre plot charges for which they were originally incarcerated, he was merely announcing the policy decreed by others; but, even so, the disdainfulness with which he tried to meet protests from Hugh Gaitskell were singularly unpleasing. When he came to deal with the Hola camp deaths he showed something even less pleasing than disdain. Eleven men have apparently been beaten to death in this camp after the establishment of what has come to be known as the Cowan plan for forcing prisoners to work. Amery was asked whether since the deaths this plan had been suspended both in Hola and in other camps where Mau Mau detainees are still held. He replied that he did not know; and from his manner it seemed that he did not care.

Since he knew that the opposition intended to censure the government on Hola, one would have thought that as a normal precaution he would have troubled to arm himself with the facts. But it seemed that the deaths of 11 Africans and the possible deaths of more were something which this junior minister fully expected to shrug off without inquiry. A man who has no more qualification for office than his father's name and his father-in-law's position may possibly be overlooked at the Post Office. But the opposition are finding it intolerable that he should be in charge of a department of state on which the attention of half a world is directed.

After Amery last week, it was something of a relief to turn even to Mr R. A. Butler. Mr Randolph Churchill has just described Butler as a very silly man. Other even less friendly critics remember him as a Man of Munich and suspect that he is weak. Yet on such things as flogging, and to some extent on capital punishment, he has been willing to face his party's hostility; and now, in dealing with the situation in Notting Hill, he is showing more than a trace of a liberal mind. His manner, with its schoolboyish giggle, is unimpressive; but his mind, in the early years after the war, helped to give his party a new and better look. One wonders if that 'new look' is now in its turn to be replaced by the purple-faced elderly women at Tory meetings and the sallow contemptuousness of young Amery.

Postscript. Mr Emrys Hughes's parliamentary joke about nationalising *The Times* by a bill to be sponsored by Messrs Macmillan and Butler (two Labour backbenchers) with the 'moral support' of Sir Winston Churchill – was so successful just because it was much more than a joke. It allowed him to make serious criticisms of *The Times* reporting. One such criticism was the omission of Macmillan's eulogy in Moscow of Soviet economic achievements – a eulogy which Hughes himself had been careful to quote in his engaging personal account of Mr Macmillan's Russia visit (*Pilgrim's Progress in Russia*, Housman's Publishers, 5s.). He might have listed another omission – the fact that after publishing its extraordinary story about the coming translation of Mr Selwyn Lloyd, *The Times* had printed neither letters from readers on the subject nor its own comments on the furore it had caused, beyond a casual remark from its Geneva reporter that the story had 'caused some stir'. However, the day after Mr Hughes's frolic and, after nine days of silence, *The Times* at last attempted a pompous exculpation. Mr Hughes has flushed *The Times* in more senses than one.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Correct Intelligence

Now that, to quote *The Times* itself, 'the nine days are up', and top people no longer feel compelled to hide their copy inside a *Daily Mirror*, it is worth giving a little more attention to the nature of the attacks on *The Times* for its Selwyn Lloyd story. They have come from both the left and the right. On both flanks the same note of shocked horror has been heard: in the vocabularies of both the same dreadful word 'irresponsibility' has featured prominently.

The general atmosphere has been, not merely as if grandma had suddenly upped in church and swiped the vicar with her umbrella, but as if, even more dreadful to contemplate, it had been reported to a meeting of the faithful in Moscow that *Pravda* had ignored the party line. If there had been a Committee on Non-British Activities – and maybe if this sort of thing is to go on we ought to have one – Sir William Haley would have been out in front of the television cameras long before this with a charge of black treachery slapped down in front of him. And all because *The Times* published a report which it had good reason to believe – still has good reason to believe – was absolutely correct, and was based on the very best of evidence (that obtained by the Political Correspondent supplementing in this respect, I gather, what was already known to the editor). In fact, it said nothing very new, except to bored and news-hungry foreign correspondents in Geneva who got busy stirring up excitement among delegates. But – and this was the real sin – it inconvenienced the foreign secretary and the prime minister. To which I can only say that if this has now become a crime worthy of almost universal condemnation then I do not know what journalism is coming to.

This has all, of course, happened before. It happened, in fact, when Delane was editor of *The Times* a century or so ago. He was publicly denounced for disclosing matter which the government of the day would have preferred not to be aired at a time when it was in the middle of some international negotiations with Louis Napoleon. Delane had a reply. It is one which, it seems to me, a good many politicians and journalists might mull over with advantage today:

> We cannot admit that a newspaper's purpose is to share the labours of statesmanship or that it is bound by the same limitations, and the same duties, the same liabilities as that of Ministers of the Crown. The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and freedom of the press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position. To perform its duties with entire independence, and consequently with the utmost public advantage, the press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any government.

To this Delane added: 'The first duty of the press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and instantly, by disclosing them, to make them the common property of the nation'. These seem to me good rules for any newspaper in any century.

'Why should I want to become a dictator at the age of 83?'

I am glad to find Sir William adopting them. It may be worth reminding top people and others that the way *The Times* first got that reputation for revealing what was in the mind of cabinet ministers which so many people have been trying to turn into a bali and chain during the last week was, not by acting as their mouthpiece, but by finding out what they were up to and publishing it whether they liked it or not. 'I don't much care to have confidential papers sent to me at any time,' remarked Delane to a minister who wanted a favour in return for some: 'The possession of them prevents me using the information which from one source or another is sure to reach me without any such condition of reserve.'

Mr Colin R. Coote, managing editor of the *Daily Telegraph,* has written privately to the Editor accusing me of lying about its reporting of the Christos case which, he states, it covered from scratch. I said that on the morning after the Christos case the *Telegraph,* like *The Times,* failed to report it, although the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch* both featured it and ran strong leaders, and the *Express* and the *Herald* both gave it front-page treatment. I wrote this after a careful examination of all the newspapers delivered to me at home, comparing one with the other. I have again gone through this copy of the *Daily Telegraph.* There is not one word about the Christos case in it. It was not, I now find, the last edition. But the Christos case was not a late story. Those other papers I have just mentioned had all had ample time to realise the importance of the case and give it substantial coverage in their comparable editions. And the *Daily Telegraph* had time to give no less than three and a half columns, dressed up with no less than seven pictures, to another court case on the same day. But that was a more important case – at any rate in the *Telegraph's* eyes. A case of fraud – as Mrs Christos' was. But the central character was not an East End widow but a 'Beauty of 1920s who Spent Three Fortunes'. I have now also seen the *Telegraph's* 4 a.m. edition of that same day, which I had not previously seen. In this I gladly agree, with such apologies Mr Coote thinks he deserves, the *Telegraph* did make a mention of the case whose importance his mass circulation competitors had realised so many hours before – although I had to go through the paper twice before finding it. It gave it in this edition 3½ inches down column on page 23 of a 24-page paper, on a page otherwise almost entirely devoted to reports of trade union conferences. It occupied an inconspicuous space allotted in an earlier edition to a brief reference to the annual report of the Clean Air Society. I hope Mr Coote will not think I am making any comments on the professional competence of any member of his staff when I say that this seems to me both belated and odd as a standard of news value. Mr Coote also dislikes my reference to his treatment of the news the following day when I said it was at the back of the paper. In fact, it appeared under a single column heading, on page 9 (in a 16-page paper). and I admit that in this instance my comment was perhaps a little harsh. But it did not reach the front page until Monday, five days after the case.

Mr Coote is quite wrong in saying I am hostile to the *Daily Telegraph*: but I am now used to editors who think that any criticism is evidence of hostilty. I greatly respect the *Telegraph's* news coverage on most occasions. I have several times said so. That seems to me all the more reason for comment when it falls so far behind its mass crculation rivals in drawing attention to a matter of obvious public importance.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The 1960 Plot

In March, the Labour Party offered not to divide the House on Nyasaland if the government would agree to a joint parliamentary commission to inquire into the disturbances. This offer has proved to be a boomerang. The government may well be getting the best of both worlds. Having rejected the Labour Party's offer in favour of a secret semi-judicial inquiry under Mr Justice Devlin, it has taken up the Labour Party's idea in a perverted form. Its aim is now to embrace the Labour Party in preliminary discussions on preparations for the 1960 constitutional review, and talks are now taking place.

The purpose of the government's manœuvre is clear. In the first place, in obedience to pressure from Sir Roy Welensky, it is insisting that representatives of the Federal government must take part in the talks. This would inevitably arouse African suspicions that a bi-partisan deal was being done with the Federal government behind their backs. Indeed, there is a further danger. While the commission's inquiries were taking place, the Labour Party's attack in the Commons on Federal policy would be muzzled.

The Labour Party is unlikely to fall into such an obvious trap. Whether a parliamentary commission of any kind is the right way to prepare for the 1960 review is in itself highly questionable but the key to the whole question is in danger of being overlooked. What matters is the timing of the review and whether Sir Roy Welensky or the British parliament shall settle it. The belief has been spread that the date of 1960 for the review is sacrosanct.

In fact, of course, the Order in Council leaves considerable latitude to the British Parliament. All it says is that the review shall take place at any convenient time between 1960 and 1963. It was Sir Roy Welensky who, during his now famous talks with Mr Lennox-Boyd and Lord Home in 1957, managed to persuade them that the review should take place at the earliest possible date. In doing this he was merely furthering the whole pattern of his aims as embodied in the 1957 talks—namely to secure the freedom of the Federation from interference by Britain as completely and as quickly as possible. One part of this aim was secured by Mr Lennox-Boyd's commitment that the House of Commons would not legislate for the Federal parliament; the other by fixing 1960 as the date for the review. The Labour Party, to its credit, has firmly stated in the House of Commons that it does not consider itself bound by the first part of Mr Lennox-Boyd's undertaking, but it is in danger of ignoring the significance of its second part. By insisting on 1960, Sir Roy's pattern of constitutional preparation for the review was clear. By pushing through a reformed Federal franchise, he hoped to give the appearance of having secured African support.

No effort was spared by Sir Roy in trying to sell his new Federal franchise to the Africans. Yet the plan failed. Out of a possible 120,000 Africans qualifying for registration, only 1,762 of them did so. The Africans, in effect, threw the ball back to Sir Roy and from that moment he decided on all-out war against the African National Congresses in the three territories.

It is against this background that the Labour Party must now decide its attitude. In March 1958 the National Executive of the party issued a statement in which Labour laid down the conditions on which it would base its attitude. One of these was that 'in order to enable African views to be more effectively expressed at this Conference' the Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland must be given opportunities for a much greater participation in their governments – immediately. To this end the Labour Party urged that 'constitutional reforms' of a far-reaching nature should be made at once in both Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Constitutional reforms in Northern Rhodesia have since been introduced but of so inadequate a scope that the Labour Party voted against them in the House of Commons.

During the same debate Mr Callaghan also urged that Africans in Nyasaland should be given a majority in the Legislative Council before the 1960 review took place, and, in March, Labour repeated its demand that before 1960 the government should take steps to ensure that both in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland there should be genuine African representation at the constitutional conference. Instead the 'discovery' of a massacre plot in Nyasaland has been used by the government to justify the suspension even of preparatory talks on constitutional reform.

In such a situation the work of a parliamentary commission, however constituted, would be premature. If, as the Labour Party rightly insists, there must be genuine African representation at the review, the government by its own action has made the holding of such a review in 1960 quite impracticable. The job of the Labour Party should therefore be not so much to argue about the membership of the parliamentary commission which the government proposes, but to declare that it cannot take part in any inquiry at all before there are constitutional changes that involve the African in settling his own future.

The Last Days of Adenauer

By Our Bonn Correspondent

The era of Konrad Adenauer is drawing to its close, and parliamentary democracy in West Germany faces its first decisive test. That is the significance of what happened last week when Adenauer withdrew his presidential candidature, and the government party (CDU-CSU) very unwillingly accepted his change of mind. Ever since last April, Adenauer's political friends and foes alike have been awaiting the dignified transition to a higher place which he seemed to have prepared. Not so the 83-year-old Chancellor himself, who has chosen to remain the political head of West Germany, but in doing so has made himself the object of pity and resentment rather than respect and dignity.

The chances are that Adenauer did not realise the reaction which would arise to his change of plan. He is reported to be surprised by 'all the fuss' last week's announcement has engendered both at home and abroad. He is also said to be convinced that it will all blow over in a few weeks. It is true that the whole ten years of his rule, until the last few months, he has done what he liked with the Cabinet and his party. Some of his colleagues have squealed at times, but they have never failed to respond to his peremptory demands. Yet even Adenauer must begin to realise that the situation is different this time – since both the executive committee and the caucus of his party have rejected his reasons for withdrawing his candidature. Clever tactician though he is reputed to be, Adenauer has overplayed his hand.

He trotted out all the old excuses: the foreign situation demanded that he should remain in office; the Geneva talks were in difficulties as Von Brentano, who had specially returned to Bonn, could witness; he himself had come back from Washington convinced that the Americans wanted him to remain in power, etc. Behind all these arguments lies Adenauer's obvious conviction that he is the only statesman in the western alliance, now that Mr Dulles has gone, who properly understands the Russians and can successfully restrain British perfidy: in short, the party should realise that Adenauer is indispensable. This, however, the party leaders no longer accept – especially in view of his age; and they resent it that the Federal Republic should be identified abroad with only one man.

Nobody denies Adenauer's sense of mission in foreign policy – nor his sense of power, which is even greater. It was an affront to the latter, most Germans believe, which led to his new decision. He felt frustrated by his failure to break down in his own party the resistance to his nominee for the Chancellorship – the Finance Minister, Franz Etzel – and by the sudden realisation that he would be unable to direct politics from the presidential palace. After three hours of debate last week, the party accepted a resolution of confidence in Adenauer and his policy; but it is significant that no vote was taken at the meeting. The shabby treatment meeted out to the Vice-Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, was also strongly resented. The timing of the affair, if accidental, was remarkable. The news broke just before Erhard's meeting with Eisenhower in Washington. Ordinary courtesy would have demanded that the Adenauer announcement should be left over until Erhard's return to Bonn.

What of the future? Adenauer continues to be Chancellor; but he is head of a party which is resentful and divided about his leadership. Indeed, the party might have passed a vote of no confidence in him and insisted on his resignation, but for the chaos which would have followed it. For the West German constitution lays down that in these circumstances there must be a 'constructive vote of no confidence' – which means that those who propose such a vote must produce an alternative Chancellor with sufficient support to form a government. This the CDU-CSU could not do; and there is no question at present of any coalition with the Social Democratic opposition.

The next task is to find a new governmental party candidate for the presidency. Several names have already been mentioned, but hardly one of them is in the same class as Professor Carlo Schmid, the Social Democratic candidate. He is generally held to be an outstanding candidate, and would certainly win unanimous election if he did not belong to the opposition. The government's problem now is this: can it persuade a majority of the electoral body (*Bundesversammlung*) to vote for any of its nominees, even a nonentity, on 1 July? Or will it seek to postpone the election? The *Bundesversammlung* consists of 1,038 members, with the government majority nominally only six. So a few abstentions can turn the scale.

But apart from the immediate negotiations going on between the parties and the consultations taking place this week between Erhard and his supporters, the most important talking point in the *Bundestag* is what can now be done to strengthen parliamentary democracy so gravely undermined by Adenauer. For these recent events are merely incidents in a policy which has always been based on the notion that the *Bundestag* is simply a glorified city council, and the Chancellor an *Oberburgermeister* – with all the powers that that functionary enjoys in Germany. The social Democrats may be tempted to sit back and grin over the government's dilemma; but they know that they too can be involved since this affair is more important than party advantage.

Parliamentary development in this country over the past ten years has not yet passed the stage of growing pains. Few of those who practise it appreciate its institutions and principles sufficiently to make sacrifices for them. It seems almost incomprehensible for instance that any minister or parliamentarian here should resign his office on a point of principle; and only one has done so in the last decade. This is one reason why many observers fear the consequences if West German democracy should be put to the test at a time when the economic miracle had passed and there was considerable unemployment. Parliamentary democracy has also been hampered by Adenauer's surrender of everything else for a uniform foreign policy. His refusal to co-operate with the opposition, either in Bonn or in the provincial governments, so as to win approval for his policies has seriously damaged the prospects of both democracy and federalism. The irony of all this is that Adenauer, whose great aim has been to ensure the continuity of his policy by victory at the 1961 election, has now gone far to split his party. He has, moreover, probably convinced even officials in Washington that he is not Germany and that he is not an ideal parliamentary democrat. Most of his fellow Germans could have told the Americans that long ago.

London Diary

An exasperating printing dispute – exasperating to readers, printing unionists and employers, and, not least, journalists. And no one really wants a stoppage. The industry is paying the price for years of bad labour relations. The most ludicrous aspect of the whole affair is that intelligent people on both sides have a pretty shrewd idea what the final settlement will be. The upshot must be some increase in wages, two hours, say, off the week and an agreement to discuss, at a later date, the 40-hour week together with methods of improving efficiency. The crux is the demand for the 40-hour week; it is an old union slogan, and I don't believe it is mere coincidence that Mr Willis, the leader of the London printers, should be raising it in the year that he is President of the TUC. We are likely to hear similar requests from other unions before the year is out.

* * *

The greatest danger of world war, said General Norstad, is war through error. Certainly it can happen because a mad or drunk pilot drops a bomb over the frontier; because of a code mistake or because a 'small war' gradually involves the big powers. The example General Norstad himself gives is still more probable. He argues that a 'probing operation' may get out of hand 'as a result of miscalculation'; and that in that case it will be the first task of Nato to create an interval for deliberation that compels an aggressor to make a conscious decision for war. In short, the deterrent may not deter because the powers may once again stumble into war – as Lloyd George remarked they did in 1914. I have just read a remarkable and far too little reviewed book which shows how easily we can stumble into war over Berlin (*No One Will Escape* by Hans Hellmut Kirst. Weidenfeld & Nicholson. 18s.). Here the deterrent does not work because demonstrations and counter-demonstrations in the East sector lead to a frontier fight which the police fail to control. The Russian troops take over in the East Zone, come into conflict with West Berlin demonstrators who, in the end, are supported by Nato troops, in spite of strenuous efforts from Washington and from Nato commanders to avoid conflicts with the Soviet army. Atom bombing and then H-bombing follow. Mankind is destroyed in the same period of time that God took to create the world. The story of creeping involvement is convincingly told; threads of individual tragedy criss-cross between official orders and telephone conversations between generals and prime ministers. The difficulty is to realise that this is not a Wellsian fantasy of the future, but something that may, and indeed is likely to happen quite soon, if no one breaks through the vicious circle which now encloses us.

* * *

No one denies the ultimate right of the Labour Party to exclude people who are wholly at odds with its policy and whose purpose in joining is disruptive. The difficulty lies in deciding what 'disruption' really means, and I suspect that far more harm is done on some occasions by kicking people out than by leaving them alone. Whole parties have been disbanded to get rid of one or two individuals. The case of Edward Thompson, one of the founders of the *New Reasoner* and a much-respected Socialist intellectual in the North, is a case in point. Anyone who knows anything about politics knows that Thompson is a follower of William Morris, has long been at odds with King Street, and is an untiring Socialist teacher. But, despite the overwhelming support of Halifax Labour members – people who differed sharply with Thompson when he was a Communist – he has been told he must work his passage for another year. A similar case is that of Mr and Mrs Maddison, members of Hampstead Labour Party, who were refused admission to the Islington branch when they moved. Their offence was support for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. When Transport House told Islington not to be silly, the local bosses refused to budge, and now the National Executive has given way, finding another petty charge against the Maddisons. A disturbing air of mystery surrounds these operations. It is almost impossible for the accused to find out what is wrong, or to get a proper hearing. Isn't it time for Labour to adopt the simple rules which British justice accepts in the courts for the protection of personal liberties?

* * *

Dr Frank Buchman is celebrating his 81st birthday with advertisements commemorating recent political 'miracles' which he alleges are due to moral rearmament. He quotes leading figures in America who say that MRA is the only answer to Communism and the only solution to the world's troubles. He says, truthfully, that there is 'a right way and a wrong way' for statesmen and for ordinary people. The wrong way is the usual behaviour of the politicans and sovereign states; the right way is the one people follow when they are 'changed'. If this means that the best way to end social strife, cruelty and war is for everyone to confess their own faults, make the effort to understand their opponents' point of view and try to persuade them that they have a common interest and a common duty in peaceful solutions, then Gandhi, Dr Buchman and all those who have imbibed any of the truths of Christianity will agree. I notice that Dr Buchman offers MRA as an alternative dynamic to Communism, but he has not,

as far as I know, offered it as a solution of the cold war. Amongst Dr Buchman's ardent supporters today are advocates of an intransigent nationalism in West Germany: one must remember that Himmler was 'changed'. I hope his next advertisement will tell us how to apply MRA principles to the case of Berlin – which is, after all, the place where miraculous change is just now most urgently needed.

* * *

To prove the influence of MRA, Dr Buchman's peculiar method is to take any public person's statement of Christian principle as if it were proof of conversion to MRA. He has, for example, published propaganda implying that the Pope is one of his supporters. The question that remains, therefore, is one of fact. Are the examples of recent political agreements the result of MRA conversions? He suggests, for instance, that the Cyprus 'miracle' was brought about by the British, Greeks and Turks who, through MRA, had been persuaded honestly to face the fact that they had been doing things the wrong way. It is true that there was a change in the attitude of all three nations, and if MRA played a part in the change we should be duly grateful. Dr Buchman is, however, studiously vague, and he avoids mentioning names. He speaks of a British MP who went to Cyprus and was honest about our mistakes, and so helped to bring about the settlement. Does he mean Francis Noel-Baker, Desmond Donnelly or Barbara Castle? None of them has any association with MRA. It is certainly true that Barbara Castle's visit to Athens and Istanbul and her interview with Makarios, who renounced Enosis, was of decisive importance. But Mrs Castle would take out a libel action if she were accused of flirting with Dr Buchman. As for the Greek and Turkish leaders, it is true that they did rather suddenly change their minds and decide to reach a compromise. A correspondent in Greece who has just been investigating the springs of Greek action had a different explanation from Dr Buchman's. He has noticed a thousand ships lying idle off the shores of Greece, and cites this as a symbol of the country's grave economic condition. Only spasmodic injections of British and American loans have saved Greece from collapse. Its political instability has excluded any realistic economic policy. It is an open secret that Queen Frederica made a special visit to the US last year to enlist UN aid for the Greek point of view in Cyprus, and to obtain much needed loans. She played on American fears of the break-up of Nato in the soft underbelly of Europe. Though Dulles resisted what he regarded as a form of political blackmail, a hint was dropped that US aid was more likely to be forthcoming if better relations between Greece and Turkey followed peace over Cyprus. Nor was Greece's economic dependence on the United States the only reason for change. Fear of Communism in the Middle East affected Turkey and Greece as well as the US. Unhappily, it is usually a common fear rather than a change of heart that brings political enemies together.

* * *

Everyone, of course, is talking about the Liberace case. But it isn't the gossip that interests me. I am fascinated by the way in which the manners and morals of America have shaped his career. Here is an able young boy, of immigrant parents, who has a real talent for the piano. He gets lessons – I imagine at some sacrifice by his parents – and is blessed by Paderewski as an up-and-coming concert pianist. Then he hears the call of popular entertainment; he finds that to succeed he needs one gimmick after another – the candelabra on the piano, the fancy dress, and the line of patter about his family – which will catch the public eye and ear; and so a completely new personality is constructed and put over with immense effect. One has seen this happen with other popular idols, in politics as well as in show business. But I have seldom seen the whole pattern of commercial culture set out so clearly. In Poland or France, perhaps, Liberace might have become a classical pianist of international fame, enjoying the plaudits, of among others, Cassandra.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

We are having a couple to dinner next week who are very well connected and I am a little nervous. Is it correct to watch the telly both before and after dinner? – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (John K. Thompson.)

Limited number only, secondhand Christmas puddings, slightly shop-soiled, to clear 1s 3d each. – Advert. in *Hampstead & Highgate Express*. (M. Morris.)

It is upon the better class of citizen that the police must depend for assistance and information in the suppression of crime: yet if these very people are to be denied their costs in such cases as those recently reported in the press they are hardly likely to respond to appeals for assistance in serious cases, and in the lesser realms of social indiscipline (motoring offences, dropping of litter, etc.) they may even turn hostile. – Letter in *The Times*. (J. M. Rueff.)

Mr Blay asked his fellow councillors whether or not the Civil Defence was an official body or whether their activities had been organised by the Vicar's Beehive Club in the village. None of the councillors was sure. – *Oxford Mail*. (Alec Bagley.)

The Up and Comers

TOP and middle people always have an obsessive interest in the up-and-comers from below. Who are they? What are they like? What do they want? The questions echo in the social novels of the 19th century: a new class dines at the Veneerings' table or elbows its way into the Close at Barchester. Dickens, Trollope, the early Wells speaking for the men in washable celluloid collars, become best-sellers, helping the newcomers to find an identity and enabling the earlier arrivals to identify them. Since the war, as the Redbrick boys have been climbing up the ladder, we have seen the booklovers of Bootland reaching for their Amis, Osborne and Braine to discover what the shouting and the pushing is about.

This is a fascinating game that is played with skill in our class-sensitive society, which assesses a man by the way he walks, talks and eats. How do we grade a duffle-coat? How many points for a Reading graduate who reads the posh papers but speaks with a Halifax accent? Does a successful Angry score more than a mediocre Grey Flannel? It is every man his own umpire in this game, and the questions shift as the fashions travel down the ambitious climb up.

For obvious reasons, it is these points of class friction which primarily attract our attention. They are more easily dramatised, by the press as well as novelists and playwrights, and each encounter heightens our awareness of the struggle for status and success that is going on inside industry, the professions, politics, and even in the residential suburbs. It is easy to overlook the slower, more subtle but continuous rise of a new generation, which is infiltrating the established order rather than making bold assaults on its positions of power. Yet, in a fumbling and self-conscious manner, older people do try to come to terms with this more elusive problem. That is why *The Times* will publish a series of letters about a religious revival in the universities, or about the lack of interest in party politics; why there is a vogue for articles, TV programmes and even films about teen-agers; why the ageing Labour Party has set up a Youth Commission; and why 'beats' and 'angries' can sell anything they write.

Naturally there are differences of emphasis. Yet the values and attitudes of the new arrivals are bound to be substantially those of their elders who run the newspapers and TV programmes, teach in the schools, dominate conversation at home. Nothing better illustrates this fact than the detailed survey of young people's attitudes recently carried out by the Gallup Poll (part of which was reported in the *News Chronicle*). It is simply a set of tables without any commentary – unlike the French report, *La Nouvelle Vague*, which gave long extracts from the replies young people in France offered to a somewhat similar set of questions. To those who expected that it would reveal a sharp contrast between the views of young people and the adult generation – for that is the commonly accepted and exaggerated stereotype – it may come as a surprise.

Do you assume that young people dislike the Establishment? Then consider how many have a 'good' or 'fairly good' opinion of such of its branches as the royal family, the Church of England, the armed forces and the big corporations: all score well over 50 per cent. Socialism, it is true, rates slightly better on average than capitalism, but at least 75 per cent. have a 'poor opinion' of Communism, and there is a good deal of scepticism about trade unions, nationalised industries and the Roman Catholic Church. Are young people dissatisfied? What about personal freedom, opportunities to get on in life, the Health Service, working conditions? All these were 'well' or 'fairly well' thought of by 80 per cent. of the sample. And though the Conservative government and the Labour Party score significantly less (62 per cent. and 53 per cent. with about 20 per cent. saying 'don't know') the only matters on which there was substantial criticism were housing and old age pensions.

In the same way, the choice of the most 'admired' personalities is conventional. The young people in this sample – all between 15 and 30 – voted first for Winston Churchill, next for the Queen, Dr Schweitzer and My Mother. The Pope, Monty, My Father and Tommy Steele brought up the bottom of the list. And, in the valuation of groups, politicians, entertainers and royalty – all three the mainstay of mass publicity media – came far above doctors, artists, scientists and philosophers. In short, the run of opinion among young people at a given time does not seem to be very different from the responses their parents would give to the same questions at the same time. Even if one makes allowances for variations between the sexes, age-groups and social classes – and there are some interesting clues to the future in these differences – the point remains valid.

Yet, before those who hope for something fresh and better from the young succumb to disappointment, they should realise that there are drawbacks even to the best of polls. The questions have to

be framed in such a broad way that the behaviour or opinions of a minority is concealed: this may not matter much when one is trying to forecast an election in which the voter will ultimately be forced to decide whether Codlin or Short is his friend, but the passions and actions of a minority may in the long run prove more decisive than the opinions of an apathetic majority. I think, indeed, that the Gallup Poll would concede this: a close examination of the dissenting minorities in the survey reveals areas of discontent, differences between the sexes and sharp variations by class. These groups may be the ones that will matter. Only a tiny percentage of the age-group polled in this survey may take an active interest in party politics, have marched at Aldermaston or in 'anti-ugly' protests, or are destined for high positions in business or the civil service. But, since we are not living in a city-state or a *kibbutz* with simple majority rule, we should not fall into the trap of confusing the present opinion of the mass with the future action of the decisive few. (A majority of Labour voters, to take a different example, may be somewhat chauvinistic, suspicious of nationalisation, in favour of stronger armaments and lower taxes. This does not mean that the Labour Party, which speaks for them, will translate such opinions into policy.) A poll can only fill in the crowd-scene: it cannot locate the leading actors who will play the roles of power.

There is, moreover, the problem of response: some young people may give answers that they think will shock, while others may give the responses they feel are expected of them. In either case, there may be a sharp contrast between opinion and behaviour. Over 90 per cent. may 'believe' that 'faithfulness' is important in marriage. How many will be faithful? And the question on emigration reveals a similar disparity. Of all the respondents, 39 per cent. said they would emigrate if they were free to do so. Yet, one asks, what stops them? Is it family ties, friends, uncertainty about the prospects overseas? Whatever the reason, the gesture of the answer will not be translated into action by a majority of those who make it.

Indeed, the more I look at these tables, the more I am inclined to ask whether any poll can describe more than the latent possibilities within our society. It can tell us that young people seem generally satisfied with their parents, their schools, their employers, the use they make of their leisure – as one would expect in a period of comparative stability and prosperity. What we cannot learn from a survey of this kind is how they will respond to the different circumstances of the 1960s – just as we cannot be sure how adult opinion will change. The point can be put quite simply. Suppose a similar survey had been made in 1944. It might have been possible to deduce from it that Labour was going to win the 1945 election, but I doubt if it would have told us much about the specific reactions those aged between 15 and 30 would subsequently make to the Welfare State.

We are, in fact, driven onward from the poll to a different, less comprehensive but more penetrating kind of investigation if we wish to predict future trends and devise policies which will shape them in the right direction. Members of the new Labour Party Youth Commission, for example, may be interested to know that most adolescents think that their parents have done a good job in bringing them up, or that they are broadly satisfied with their schooling, but those who have to plan for the future must ask questions of a different order. They must ask how fewer children and years of full employment are changing the nature and quality of family life; whether mass entertainment and modern techniques of consumer incitement are altering the scale of values, and creating a new but passive cultural response; whether the biological fact that children are maturing earlier in each generation is affecting attitudes to leisure, to sex and marriage; whether good wages for young people are making them self-reliant but more conformist; whether the 'creaming off' of the most able working-class children is one reason for the failure of trade unions and local Labour parties to 'engage' younger people, and whether the selection procedure in our schools is widening the cultural gap between classes.

There is another range of questions that is equally important. Though young people seem willing to accept their station in life, have we done – through state and voluntary action – all that should be done for them? Are we giving technical jobs the status that the white-collar grades traditionally enjoyed among the lower middle class? Is enough effort being made to relate young people to community effort and interests, and are facilities for constructive and rewarding leisure adequate? And can we leave the law relating to young people in such a muddle, whereby the right to marriage or inheritance is only haphazardly related to liability for military service, the age of criminal responsibility and the right to vote? We should seek to find out how elite groups are formed among young people, how leadership emerges, how influential are the 'committed' minorities. And, finally, we should try to discover why, to so many of the questions in this poll, a substantial number replied negatively, or said they didn't know an answer. For it is among these outsiders we might discover where our society is failing, or what influences shape the opinions of those who do not conform.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Danish Farm

DENMARK, we think, is small farms, working together through co-operatives; agricultural skill; and education based on folk high schools. We have all heard about the land settlement policy and the reclamation of heath and bog. But this is rather ancient history, as a foreigner's view of another country always is. What is happening now is much more puzzling.

First of all there is a boom in many industries, especially building, which is nice for the architects and enables them to develop modern styles rapidly and daringly, both in domestic and public architecture. There is not as much county and municipal housing as in the United Kingdom, but a lot is done through loans and building societies. Young people, whether working class or professional, like to have houses of their own, small and easy to run, and with gardens. Of course this is eating up the land round the towns, but much more pleasantly than in most of our own suburbs, since houses are built in a planned and neighbourly way. There are a lot of new factories, a rising standard of living. The country just cannot compete, though one notices plenty of television aerials, and every village has its hairdresser so that no girl need be without her perm. Some of the smaller islands are famous for their good soil and fertility; but young farmers just cannot get wives, even though they organise trips for girls and advertise in the papers.

Twenty-six per cent. of the land is in land settlement areas. But the *husman* has a hard job to make ends meet. The earlier holdings, designed, in fact, for little more than subsistence farming for peasants, are too small and must if possible be joined up into viable modern farms. Even intense industry, the whole family working, perhaps specialising on some crop such as strawberries or asparagus, will pay only in the unlikely condition of a crop failure everywhere else. If one son inherits he will have to pay over equal shares to his brothers and sisters: fair enough but crippling to a farm.

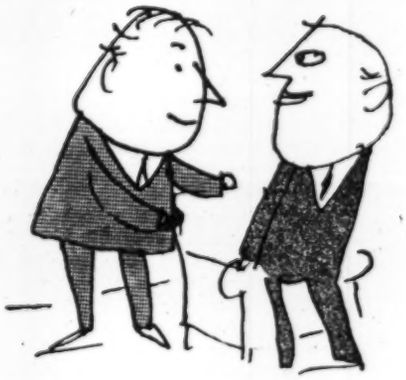
Seventy per cent. of the land is in the hands of the middle farmers, up to 200 acres – all 'dirty boot' farmers who have either a family or one or two hired men. They are doing fairly well, especially on pigs and milk. They also produce most of the seed. They are generally very skilled, and their bacon pigs are a fantastic sight. The grading is severe; but there is now an electrical device which will show on the live pig just how much fat he has, and he will be marketed on the exact day. As milk is largely used for butter production, it pays to produce milk with a high butterfat content. This is different from our policy of producing milk in large quantities with low butterfat and then having the doctors say how much healthier it is. Of course the doctors may be right; I'm sure they think they are, bless their hearts. But it seems funny to me. Danish milk is worth drinking.

But modern dairying and pig breeding is expensive, both in feeding stuffs and equipment. At the end the bacon pig is worth about two shillings a pound to the farmer who has actually done the work and taken the natural risks. Cows must be kept inside and fed all winter; in summer they are tethered or grazed between electric fences on specially grown fodder crops. There are silos everywhere, and comparatively little hay is made. These farmers, however, get by, and most of the lovely black and white or green and white farm houses – often with modern outbuildings – are owned by them.

But then there is another four per cent. of the land which is owned by the really big farmers, usually living in one of the manor houses or small castles, magnificent buildings, whose view of the silos and cow byres may or may not be screened by a planting of trees. Some of these are the old families, some come from the manufacturers or engineers; but, unlike so many similar people with us, they take their farming extremely seriously. Sport, though it exists, is a fringe occupation, and they would be desperately shocked at the idea of dogs and unmechanised horses chasing a fox across good farm land. Here the areas under cultivation are extremely large and the methods correspond. Going over one of these big farms, I find myself completely out of my depth. The fields are 40 or 50 acres, perhaps more; the yields are remarkable and going up. There are seven tractors. If the night is calm, the mustard is to be powdered by helicopter with a DDT-type chemical – it has to be done at night so as not to hurt the bees. They are trying out some kind of concentrated liquid ammonia, which passes through a decompression chamber and then through plastic tubes deep into the soil. In the great old barn, which used to be house-high with straw, there is now a completely mechanised system by which the ten-ton loads of wheat, rye or barley are dried and sucked through pipes to the grain silos.

What's the big idea?

I.C.I.? It can't possibly work—far too unwieldy for a few men sitting in London to manage efficiently.



But I.C.I. doesn't work that way at all. We've 13 operating Divisions up and down the country, each with its own Board of Directors. The Divisions are pretty well masters of their own affairs and—believe me!—not afraid of a little healthy competition among themselves.

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The things they say!

ICI

Everything except the cow byres smelt, not of a farm but of a factory; and the capital costs must have been on a factory scale. This farm did not really go in for cows; but, even with a depleted herd, the AI man and the vet were there every morning. These poor Danish cows, who have even to produce their cow-pats correctly in the gutter! If they move too far forward in their stalls and hunch themselves up to pay their tribute to rich feeding, a charged wire gives them a shock, and back they learn to go.

These big farms certainly get the most out of the ground, for the least human labour, but with the highest preliminary expenditure. In a flat country the vast fields are obviously sensible; but, of course, you have to have the capital. To him that hath. . . . You must also work as hard and as intelligently as a successful factory manager. From the point of view of production, it is certainly better to have thousand-acre farms, with their few well-paid, skilled men and their many machines, than to break the land up into family holdings, with hard labour for man and horse, and a poor living in the end. For the moment at any rate, there is room in the towns, in thriving industry, for the men who might have been small farmers. But what if the economic pattern changes and more Danes want to be farmers again?

Land reclamation is almost over in Denmark; there is little, if any, more heath and bog land that can be made into farms. Nor is there land in Denmark which is badly farmed or deliberately under-farmed for the sake of the sporting interest, as there is in Great Britain. Farming is taken seriously and intended to make a profit, not a loss to set against other taxable profits, or to use for death duty wangles – though no doubt this happens sometimes, especially in the type of farm close to Copenhagen, which is also used as a country house.

We have to think about all this because the same kind of pattern is beginning to appear in Great Britain. As leases fall in, landlords are beginning to take over. Some of them are taking the land seriously. A few are going to Denmark to be better educated in modern farming. Most parts of Great Britain are not as fertile as Denmark, nor has the soil been so well worked for so long. Our advisory services are not quite so good. But first-class large-scale farming will pay. Meanwhile, it becomes harder and harder for the young man from agricultural college, the farmer's son, or indeed anyone without a lot of capital, to find a farm and stock it with machines as well as animals.

We do not want to see thousands of peasants here, any more than we want to see thousands of hand looms or women dipping matches by hand. That may for a time be the Indian solution; it is not a European one. Nor do we want a class revolution. Perhaps we ought to think out a bit more carefully just what we do want.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Blondin & Co.

'PROVIDED you've got the know-how,' said the man in the train to whom I had mentioned that 1959 was the centenary of Blondin's first crossing of Niagara, 'provided you've got the know-how, there's nothing to it.' He was dressed with sombre respectability and had something to do with merchant banking. His face had the grey, pallid roughness of the daily train-traveller. 'Do it myself,' he said, 'if it happened to be my line of business.'

Blondin's rope had stretched dizzily 1,100 feet from America to Canada, about 170 feet above the angry, swirling waters. On 30 June 1859, dressed in the shimmering tights of a circus performer he had made the crossing. There were no safety nets, no chance of rescue if he slipped.

His real name was Jean François Gravelet and he had been brought up in France as a high-wire performer. After arriving in America sickness cut short his exhibitions, and the newspapers forgot him. For a time he was down on his luck. So also was another man—Harry Colcord, the man who was probably responsible for the Niagara stunt. Within a few weeks of their meeting they were in an hotel at Niagara, and a gang of workmen was stretching a cable across the gorge. Other people had the know-how as well. Hotel proprietors, for instance, who were putting up grandstands as well as the prices of their rooms. Crowds came to gape and Harry Colcord, as Blondin's agent, took the collections and handed out the publicity. Not that there was much doubt about Blondin's ability to cross the rope. A few days before the scheduled crossing, the cable on which he proposed to perform was in danger of coming loose from the smaller ropes that were securing it. Blondin walked out 200 feet on the smaller rope, fixed an extra line to the cable, and calmly descended on a slack-rope to the bank.

On 30 June, suspension bridge, stands and banks were crowded. There was a little hut near the end of the cable and from this Blondin emerged – a small, sprightly man with a fair moustache. There was nothing particularly distinguished about him. Give him a bowler hat, black suit and brief-case, and he could have been going to the bank. Some people have the know-how about banks, Blondin had it about balancing on ropes. Over-night he was famous throughout America – or notorious.

'I've read how it's done,' said my merchant banker. 'It's a form of hypnotism. They fix their eyes on what they call a "guidon", a sort of line of sight at the end of the rope. It hypnotises them and makes their muscles rigid. They can't fall.'

But on 4 July, Blondin made the crossing blindfold, wrapped up in a sack with holes cut for his arms. And that was by no means his greatest achievement. One thing becomes obvious on reading the report of his exploits. Blondin had no imagination. How could he have? No man with imagination could stand on his head in the middle of a rope strung across an abyss like the Niagara gorge. It must then have been Harry Colcord who thought up the series of fantastic feats that followed the initial crossing. Somersaults and head-stands, hanging by one leg, whirling round the rope like a wheel, became common-place tricks. In August Blondin made the crossing with his feet tied up in baskets. He did it dressed up as a Siberian slave, his hands and feet shackled. He crossed at night and stood on his head in a blaze of fire-works.

But Harry was not just a back-room boy. On 19 July, the band played 'Hail Columbia!' as Blondin appeared with straps over his shoulders and foot-rests on his hips. Harry climbed on his back to accompany him across. He lived to describe it too: the first dry-throated fear as he saw the pine-trees pointing their fingers at him from the banks below; then the waves, small from the height, and wild with the roar of waters, seeming to leap up towards them, swirling past with such speed that Harry felt as if he was flying towards the Falls with the river standing still below him.

When Blondin stopped to rest Harry had to dismount, his trembling feet searching blindly for the vibrating cable. Seven times he had to do this in a crossing that took three quarters of an hour. In the middle of the gorge, where the cable was unsupported by the guy-lines, Blondin lost control on the swaying rope and his long balancing pole began to beat the air in wild sweeps as he strove to regain his balance. They reached the comparative safety of the guy-lines on the other side, but someone who had no respect for know-how had cut one of the supporting ropes, and, as Blondin stepped on it, it snaked away, whipping at the cliff-side, sending Blondin and Harry off balance again, lurching in a surge of taut muscles 20 feet to the next guy-lines. All in the day's work, of course. If you are a banker, sometimes the figures won't add up, and the Angel of Doom leers from behind a ledger. If you work on a swaying tight-rope, slippery with rain, a joker may cut a guy-line and you lean giddily into a drop of 160 feet and certain death. It's know-how that gets you out of it. Two and two make four. And there are definite laws about equilibrium, so the banker told me.

Ordinary acrobats were old stuff now, and Harry thought up a new routine in which he modestly kept to the back-ground. No self-respecting Frenchman likes anyone else messing about with his omelettes, so Blondin cooked his own on the rope. As in a scoutmaster's nightmare, he moved a 50 pound stove laden with pans and a pair of bellows out onto the rope. Cheers rose above the roar of the Falls as the smoke appeared. Like a toy ship the 'Maid of the Mist' hove to beneath him, and Blondin lowered the omelette to her passengers. By 1860 the Prince of Wales was

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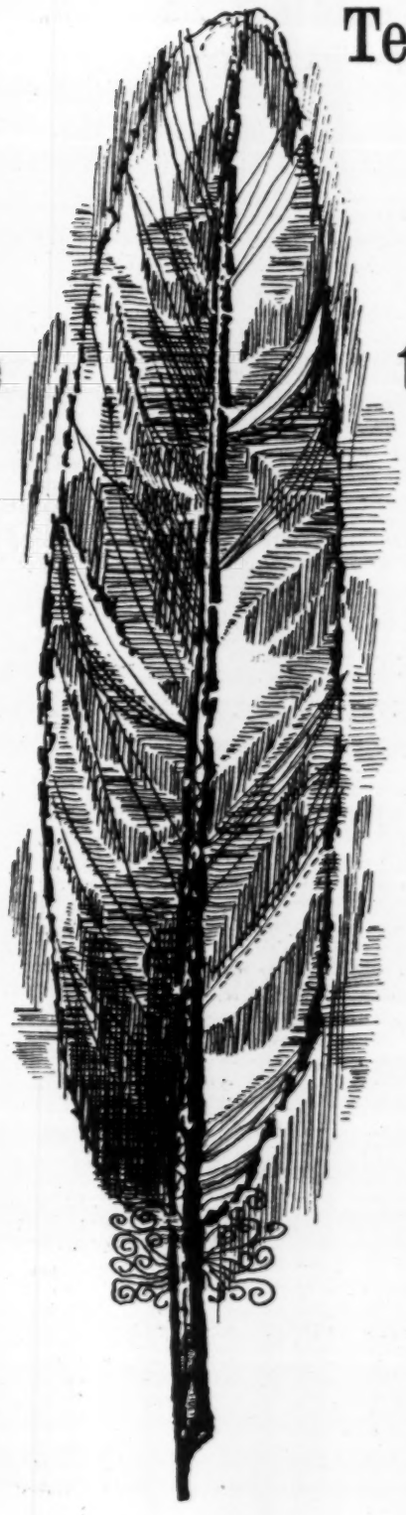

A challenge to British Authors

On Friday, 12th June Associated-Rediffusion reach their 100th *live* production in the 'Television Playhouse' series transmitted on Independent Television. Altogether 190 plays have been presented to date in this popular series. For these 60-minute productions Associated-Rediffusion concentrates mainly on the work of contemporary British playwrights.

The first live play was "A Garden in the Sea", specially written for television by Michael Dyne from a Henry C. James story. It was presented on 27th October, 1955.

Now, on Friday, 12th June, nearly 4 years later, Associated-Rediffusion presents the 100th *live* production—John Conlan's "A Kind of Freedom".

Well-known authors such as Paul Jones, Ian Dallas, Stanley Miller, Alfred Shaughnessy, and Hugh Ross Williamson, are under contract to Associated-Rediffusion.

Ted Willis has also contributed four notable plays, specially commissioned for television *(Woman in a Dressing Gown; The Young and the Guilty; Look in any Window; Strictly for the Sparrows)*, and is now writing a further six for Associated-Rediffusion presentation.

Of the 100 plays which Associated-Rediffusion produced *live* in 'Television Playhouse', twenty-seven were specially commissioned from British writers. A further forty-five were original television plays, thirty-two by British writers. In all, seventy-six of the hundred plays were material specially written for television, sixty-three of them by British writers. The remainder were adaptations, all by British writers, from stage plays.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION Television from London, Monday to Friday

reluctantly refusing Blondin's offer to carry him across. Perhaps, he suggested, the Duke of Newcastle might oblige? The Duke too was short on that particular brand of know-how. Of course, if it had been political tight-ropes . . . . So Blondin performed a somersault on stilts for their approval. No doubt it is just routine when you have learnt the trick, but no one has managed it since.

In 1862 Blondin came to the Crystal Palace and in 12 performances, before huge audiences, he repeated with refining variations all his Niagara feats. Madame Blondin accompanied him and always greeted him with immense relief when he returned, dressed as a chef, from his omelette routine, which she considered to be the riskiest part of his repertoire. After all, a badly cooked omelette can cause indigestion. And who wants to hiccup when standing on one's head 180 feet from the floor of the Crystal Palace?

It had to end sometime. Even with all Blondin's know-how. There are risks in every profession. Between Banbury and London the banker gave me a graphic account of armed robberies that had occurred in his profession. At times it was frighteningly dramatic. 'It's just a question of what your job is,' he said. 'Some people act the fool on a rope over Niagara, other people get shot protecting the public's money.' For Blondin there was no dramatic ending, no final blaze of glory. He caught a chill and died quietly at home at the age of 73. And why should one expect anything else? He had the know-how. There is, however, something terrifying about being a banker.

CHRISTOPHER LEE

The latest Fabian Tract is *The Future of the Theatre*, by Richard Findlater – an excellent survey of present problems, with possible solutions.

The Arts and Entertainment

London Hears Threni

Ecce!, Klee's sorrowing Christ (1940), is the sum of no more than seven lines which meet without crossing. There are only four other elements, but they are strictly subordinate. Otherwise there is only line – 'une ligne pour le plaisir d'être ligne, d'aller'. Stravinsky's *Threni* (Lamentationes Jeremiæ Prophetæ, 1958) is also crowned with thorns, is also the metaphysical outcome of the physical encounter of lines. Born in the unity of canon, the lines achieve their independence in the multiplicity of their positions, directions, and extensions; and they regain their unity in the omnisensitive ear of a very great master who could only sense what he now does because of all that he once did. At first approach the world of *Threni* may seem young and small – presupposing no more than the *Canticum Sacrum* (1955) and the central part of *Agon* (1957). The lines, so few, and the subordinate elements, so sparing, bear witness to a self-sufficiency that might almost seem arrogant in a world where artists cling in terror to the *trouvailles* of their own earlier work or to the successful gambits of their seniors. But listen again to a passage like the Sensus Spei of *Threni*, and think back to the earliest mature work of Stravinsky – the peasant rejoicings of *Les Noces* and the farmyard ritual of *Renard*. 'Now may God bless us all,' cry the villagers in *Les Noces*. 'Bonus est Dominum' respond the altos in *Threni*. Listen to the choral part writing, and even the actual progressions, of the final Solacium, and remember the solace of the finale to the *Symphony of Psalms*. Hear the six bars for strings which follow the Tenor's cry 'See, O Lord, and consider; for I am become vile'. And then recall the five bars for strings which follow the moment in *Orpheus* when Orpheus tears the bandage from his eyes. These, and many other instances, are evidence of the authentic lineage of *Threni*. The particular character of the work depends of course on quite different factors. Innovation and development are ever-present. Stravinsky's line-drawing within the wide framework of total chromaticism has acquired a new suppleness, and even where something of the old ostinato principle is retained – as in the bugle solo of De Elegia Prima – the melodic shapes are a complete revelation of possibilities first suggested by such music as Scene 2 of *The Soldier's Tale*.

The form of *Threni* consolidates the status of that much misunderstood masterpiece, the Symphonies of Wind Instruments (1920), as an archtype of one aspect of Stravinsky's formal thinking. The *Canticum Sacrum* had already suggested a certain affinity with that work. *Threni* goes still further in its use of ritornelli and sharply opposed blocks of material, some of which even suggest fleetingly the actual quality of sound in the 'carillons and litanies' of the Symphonies. But after nearly forty years' development, Stravinsky has little use for literal recapitulation and the form of *Threni* is vastly more sophisticated than that of the Symphonies. By reason of its very density, one cannot expect that *Threni* should reveal itself fully at a single hearing. The things that one grasps at once – with like or dislike – remain disproportionate until the whole shape is sensed. One may be worried about those strange passages like echo chambers emptied of all music, where syllables are tested *parlando* against a reiterated F sharp in the bass. But they clearly stand as a counterbalance to the extreme concentration of certain other passages which we may not yet 'hear through'. Those who cannot accept the unaccompanied canons for solo voices would do well to remember how long it was before our ears recovered from the shock of things like the 'Pleni' section of the Sanctus of Stravinsky's *Mass*. When confronted for the first time with a work of this order, we must surely be humble.

What of the performance last Monday? Brave but very imperfect, it still contrived to make some kind of effect. With the forces and rehearsal time available, more could not have been expected. The soloists made every effort, and although their performance style was often quite inappropriate (*Threni* is not the Choral Symphony), there was at least a generous attempt at music-making. William Steinberg conducted, and rehearsed, the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir with care, though it was hard to understand why he tended to choose such fast tempi, since the result could only be a loss of clarity.

The remainder of the programme, which was devoted to works written in the last decade, contained Hindemith's new Pittsburgh Symphony, the Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra by Rolf Liebermann, and the *Improvisations* for the same ensemble by Matyas Seiber. The Symphony is a virtuoso piece which attempts a few things which are new for Hindemith. It is odd that so accomplished and cultured a composer should wish to divorce himself from the main symphonic tradition and should only attain what Schoenberg calls 'the surface of the superficial'. The lack of any real symphonic breath was less surprising than the weakness of some of the melodic and harmonic detail. The Liebermann piece reacts to an impossible medium by avoiding detail of any kind. Imprecision is the order of the day, and the work makes its effect solely through its very astute timing. This kind of slickness is wholly foreign to Seiber, whose *Improvisations* do at least have the virtue of modesty. In the face of an inherently inorganic form, discretion is the better part of valour. But abstention would be better still.

DAVID DREW

Interpreting Dreams

A Midsummer Night's Dream has all the wrong associations: those eternal school productions with all their to-and-froing from heavy-footed, selfconscious fairies; the long set speeches learned by rote; teacher's voice vibrant with feeling as she talked of 'verbal music'; the other, equally awful music by Mendelssohn. Such, such were the joys.

Peter Hall has none of that. He has produced the *Dream* not as the usual tired example of Victorian airy-fairy-gammon-and-spinach incantation, but as an aristocratic Epithalamion, not far removed from a formal masque. He has dressed it in strict Elizabethan costume and set it in an Elizabethan country house which, thanks to a brilliant piece of stage designing by Lila de Nobili, fades with no alteration at all into a forest. The stage, strewn with rushes, extends as far as is decently possible beyond the proscenium, and there are no curtains to cut it off from the audience. By his shrewdly imaginative control, Mr Hall has produced the *Dream* so that it regains some of the vigour and seriousness that it must originally have had, and yet is touched by none of the heavy pedantry that goes with scholarly correctness. Farewell rewards and genteel fairies.

In conception this is a very fine production;

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it is also beautiful to look at. Unfortunately, the detail goes, at times, a bit haywire. Thanks to Anthony Nicholls's Theseus, the seriousness was beautifully maintained – and the *Dream* is in parts very serious – but the comedy was considerably more haphazard. Mr Hall had the bright idea of turning the fairies into a camp, bitchy lot, rather fed up with all their dews, distillations and wild-flowering above. Mary Ure and Zoe Caldwell caught this tone perfectly. But it was worlds apart from Ian Holm's crazy, mixed-up Teddy-Puck, who seemed to have wandered in by mistake from *West Side Story*. It is one thing to be ironic and quite another to guy the lines completely.

There was the same discrepancy in the comedy of the young lovers. They acted in three styles at once: the young men, Albert Finney and Edward de Souza, were conventionally spirited; Vanessa Redgrave played Helena in the tradition of that fine old English schoolgirl, Joyce Grenfell; and Priscilla Morgan was – well, Priscilla Morgan. Miss Morgan is, for my money, the best young comic actress we have, but she has so much a style of her own – a wailing, collapsing, plangent vulgarity – that she is beginning to use it all the time. Heaven knows, no one is done wrong more amusingly than Miss Morgan, but she should make her points without gratuitous self-parody.

Perhaps this wouldn't have shown without Charles Laughton's performance as Bottom. The difference between Mr Laughton and the rest is, let's face it, that between a great actor and the merely talented. Mr Laughton seems not to perform at all. He simply is. By contrasting his authoritative voice with a couple of nervous ticks – he scratches his head, winks, smiles twitchingly – he transforms Bottom out of a stock parody mechanical into a kind of village Falstaff. He is the man whose brains have forced him into oddness, the pub wizard, the secretary of the shove-ha'penny club, the man who decides where the annual outing shall go to. He adds, in short, another dimension of reality to the play. Compared with him, it is the Athenians and the fairies who 'are but shadows'. They set themselves as best they may around his splendid and enormous bulk.

A. ALVAREZ

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Blood Royal

PREDICTABLE as most television is, its fairly frequent unpredictability helps to keep us awake. It is no use assuming that a 'prestige' programme, as such, will be worth watching. (Look at *Carissima*; or rather, let's hope you didn't.) But now and then – especially, it seems, if one has been indulging in a general moan about the quality of TV drama – one of these ambitious efforts does turn out to be a real smasher.

On the whole, this is true of the BBC's production of Lorca's *Blood Wedding*. One could pick holes: sometimes the effect was of a stage set for a Spanish ballet rather than of arid Andalusian plains (and TV requires either a much more exact scenic realism than the theatre or the starkest unrealism); similarly, *Robin Hood* and Westerns having accustomed us to the real sound of horses' hoofs, the hoof-noises heard here merely recalled the blocks of wood with which they were no doubt produced; the device of the talking Moon seemed as uncomfortable as the ghost on the battlements in a modern-dress Hamlet . . . and so on. But the play itself and the rock-like majesty of Katina Paxinou as the bridegroom's mother, ingrowingly obsessed by bereavements and by a desperate family vocation to vendetta, rose above these incidental inadequacies (which were, in any case, also outweighed by the skill with which some of the crowd scenes and the domestic interiors were handled, and by such touches as the castanet-snapping or guitar-twanging hands in enormous close-up).

Paxinou's initial impact was so powerful that at first one almost felt that she was 'over-acting' – an impertinent and trivial word to apply to an elemental force. She was by turns Demeter, a calculating and superstitious old peasant, a whole pack of Erinyes, and Our Lady of Sorrows. Such a study was the fitting centrepiece of a tragedy that has the ritual inevitability of a bull-fight: it says much for their ability as end-up-keepers that I recall clearly also the performances of Rosalie Crutchley, Marie Burke, and David Peel – and especially that of a newish young Hungarian actor, Sandor Eles, who played the bridegroom with a taut tenderness, reticence and deference that made the final storm of blood the more dreadful.

A totally different, but also impressive, 'prestige' programme was Associated-Rediffusion's hour-long documentary, *Israel Rises*. This was presented neatly and naturally in two halves, the first half history, the second present achievement. Some good old newsreels had been dug up – Allenby entering Jerusalem on foot, Balfour's toothy grin, a youngish Weizmann, a morose Bevin. Not enough, perhaps, about the competing commitment – Lawrence, the MacMahon letters, the all-bedevilling fact that (as a pre-war District Commissioner of Jerusalem once put it to me) 'We sold the same pup twice'; but Lady Megan Lloyd George did say, in an excellent live interview with Kenneth Harris, that 'if we had had a coherent policy . . . the animosities and fears would never have arisen', and there were the usual sad groups of refugees in Jordan to offset the slight over-simplification of the programme's opening phrase: 'The people without a land return to a land without a people'.

Nor was any awkward issue really dodged: of Suez and its aftermath, Ambassador Eban observed (no doubt to many viewers' surprise) that Israel's international status and relations had greatly benefited from it. I admired Mr Eban's equanimity of mien, dexterity of phrase, and extraordinary speed and smoothness of delivery. When Mr Harris put to him the suggestion that Arabs had lately been allowed to join trade unions because an election was imminent, his quietly crushing retort was that this was 'a natural but rather an ungenerous diagnosis'. On Israel's economic problem: 'The momentum of advance is towards economic equilibrium'. The climax of his definition of Israel's mission was that the Arabs must be helped to understand 'the benign compulsions of a future to be shared with us'. Mr Eban ought some day to be the World Government's roving ambassador in outer space.

TOM DRIBERG

Time to Think

SPONTANEITY is a gift the film-maker can't do without. It's as important in Eisenstein (rigidly mathematical though he may have been) as in Renoir or Flaherty. Clair and Chaplin had it: there's no contradiction in its being achieved with deliberation. One of the most spontaneous films of recent months was Karel Reisz's *We Are the Lambeth Boys*; and we can guess the patient devotion that must have gone to the free-and-easy touches in that light probing into English behaviour. . . . Such thoughts may flicker in and out of our minds during the three hours of *The Diary of Anne Frank* at the Carlton. For here is a film that has many admirable qualities: faithfulness to its original, zeal, generosity, a keen eye; but fatally it lacks the one thing above all needed – spontaneity. The Diary itself was, and is, small, personal, odd, exhilarating, and (what its author couldn't foresee) heart-breaking; the film is bountiful, studious, consciously restrained and pathetic – that is, almost the exact opposite. They are brought enormously close to us, these eight Jewish people in hiding from the Gestapo in Amsterdam; we see how the bookcase entry looked, how silence was observed during the day, how a nightmare or a glimpse through the curtains could spread panic, how nerves could grow insupportable, and how the child in the middle of it all could grow into a longing girl; but the more blown up it is and the more drawn out, the further it gets from life. With tortoise gait, the old house (lacking one wall for camera purposes) must be revisited by the father, its sole survivor; the diary must be found and opened; the dead voice must speak; and then all the jealousies and alarms and occasions of imprisonment must be spaced out, like the potato ration. Oh lord, how tenderly that first kiss is delayed! We are given more than enough time to develop all kinds of irritations and hostilities against a film that, considered negatively, has a number of virtues. Direction by George Stevens, photography, acting – Millie Perkins as a snub, wistful American Anne – they all deserve high marks. Perhaps we are being unfair? But then peep into the Diary (now on sale everywhere in a Pan edition), a photograph of the real Anne Frank looking out with eager delicate Jewish appeal reaffirms us. The big, big film has – not for the first time – destroyed the odd personal thing.

Lack of spontaneity is again what we miss in Paddy Chayefsky's *Middle of the Night* (Marble

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Arch Odeon); and this is the more striking since the Chayefsky method, so successful in its early deployment, was specially devised to short-cut the artificialities of ding-dong dialogue – to capture the moment of revelation, to surprise the blurting out of a lifetime. The monologue method in *Middle of the Night*, directed by Delbert Mann, no longer comes natural; it has become an artificiality in itself, so that all the characters in turn must resort to it, must reveal the trademark. This is a pity, because *Middle of the Night* is a far better film than *The Goddess*; and its theme, of a middle-aged widower and business man setting out to marry his 24-year-old receptionist, is rich in personal and social upheaval. In most of its parts it keeps a tenacious hand on the life-pulse; yet – despite a splendid performance by Fredric March, who only once (in hysterical gaiety) strikes a false note – the total impact is less of continuous life than of brilliant scenes. Kim Novak gives a variable performance as the girl and leaves us wondering. The end – yes, in the teeth of everything, he *does* marry her – seems no end at all. I don't mean to set down *Middle of the Night* as a failure; its merits are far too lively for that. But too much sparkles for our admiration. The plunge is taken into the life stream – without getting wet.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

No Still Life

THE International Exhibition of Children's Art and Crafts at the South London Gallery, Camberwell, is well worth the half-hour it takes to get there. In fact, it's worth the three hours one can easily spend in a cinema. And for a not dissimilar reason. This exhibition opens one's eyes to the world. Its attraction has little to do with Self Expression, the Innocent Vision or any of the other half-truths that have accumulated around the subject of Child Art. On the contrary, its interest is documentary. Here, within the conventions that children create for themselves, are records of the experience of living today in Japan, China, Iceland, India, Italy, Ealing, Russia, Paris. I have said before that children's paintings should rather be compared with natural objects than with adult works of art, and the impact of this show is more like that of a flower market than an ordinary picture gallery. Not – heaven forbid – because children are as 'pure' as flowers, but because each work has grown so directly from its environment.

At first sight one may be struck by the similarity that exists between many of the works. (Altogether there are over 500 works from 30 different countries.) But this is largely because young children all over the world naturally find similar objects: a family eating, their teacher, trains, buses and – now just beginning – space-travel. And also because most stylisations in the art of young children are the result of the same universal inability to co-ordinate hand and eye. And so this similarity is, in fact, no more surprising than that people grow up and hope in all the houses of the world. Yet what is finally so rewarding in this exhibition is its variety. Look. That's how they sell melons in Peking; that's how they watch fighting cocks in Turkey; that's how the Poles dance; that's how the Japanese arrange their flowers. The variety is the variety of life itself. And in an age when most professional painting is either uniformly literal (mirrors reflect in the same way everywhere) or crippingly limited to abstractions (all lines of latitude look the same), it takes a children's exhibition to remind us of the variety of human interests. A child is incapable of producing – in the strict sense of the word – a still-life: for a child even death is animated.

I would like all those who justify the nuclear arms race to visit this exhibition. If they still have eyes to see, they would better understand the value of the life they threaten to destroy. I would like artists to visit it, not so that they should ape the weaknesses of children as they have so often done in this century, but in order to be reminded of how many subjects there are in the world. I would like museum curators to visit it so that they might wonder whether the accumulation of collectors' pieces is really the modern, justifying function of a museum. I would like journalists to visit it so that they should see that there is more than one type of news. And I would like to visit it again myself – to see the goat ridden into the kitchen, the Icelandic girl's idea of a southern garden, the hunter on the red horse in a Chinese legend, the sober way in which a fifteen-year-old girl in Brighton looks at herself in the mirror, the francs thrown from windows to a street musician – each window painted by a different Parisian child – and the Soviet boy's prophecy of Mars.

JOHN BERGER

Moscow State Circus

THERE are those tough-faced ladies, with their permed hair and dainty princess gestures, balancing, bicycling on fantastic contraptions high in the roof, their big white muscles ferocious beneath the spangled tutus. There is a juggler who stands on his horse as it tears round and round the ring in darkness, lit only by three flaming torches that whirl from left hand to right hand. There is a strongman heaving huge suns of brass, with a nature as gentle and enchanting as Dr Doolittle's Hercules. There are gymnasts on circular bars, weaving intricate patterns with their twirling bodies. Every act in this second company of Soviet circus stars is so polished, so crisply presented, that, even sunk in the great Wembley Pool arena, they stand out sharply and enlarged in the mind's eye.

The two clowns, Mozel and Savitch, have a fine zany humour. Their boxing, their eating, their shamming dead is quite without the flurry and muddle that have so degraded our English traditions of buffoonery. The delight of a simple pointing gesture, the lunatic malevolence, the lunatic love of their relationship – each coo, each smack, each trip is timed to perfection and completely unforced as a joke. It is to be hoped that Tom Arnold's crude clowns, who appear briefly in a luminous tumbling dance, are re-learning their trade from these artists.

But I suppose the most stunning novelty is Emil Kio and his magic, which takes up all the second half of the programme. A blonde in a fluffy gown steps into a cage. The curtains are drawn and almost as quickly withdrawn. There is a lion and no lady. We can descry no false floor, no covered exit, no escape anywhere. The fact is that Kio, a little man with a bent back and an assistant dwarf, has transformed her. It is all most satisfactory. And the lion is so beautiful, even more beautiful than the blonde, leaning against his silver cage to have his neck scratched by a long pole. Equally mystifying is the transference of people shut in bird cages hung in mid-air. Kio is a master magician at transfiguration, and had he only sawn a lady in half by way of variety, my happiness in this most excellent circus would have been complete.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Correspondence

WHERE ARE THE GOOD BRITONS?

SIR,—In his article dealing with the British camps in Kenya, Paul Johnson suggests that the existence of Nazi concentration camps was concealed from the German people. He actually writes: 'Not one word about the camps ever appeared in the Nazi press'. This is not correct.

Certainly before the outbreak of war, frequent reference was made to the camps—if only by way of reply to disclosures abroad. In 1934 an official volume was published representing the camps as examples of Nazi humanity; in 1937 Himmler at some length explained the purpose of the camps, and in 1939, as a result of 'foreign atrocity stories', the press gave the Nazi version of the 'much discussed concentration camps'.

During the war, too, frequent reports appeared of people having been sent to concentration camps on such charges of having defiled the honour of the Master People by associating with subject races.

It is true that no mention was made of the bestialities which were perpetrated in the camps, and many Germans no doubt may sincerely claim to have been ignorant of the full extent of the crimes. Even so the most absolute censorship could not entirely suppress the truth. For one thing, the Nazi leaders had made their murderous intention sufficiently known, and as for details, the press was really not needed: news travels surprisingly fast under the nose of the censor. A secret Nazi Party Circular of October 1942 refers to the fact that 'in the course of the work for the Final Solution of the Jewish Question, the population in various parts of Germany has recently begun to discuss the "very harsh measures" against the Jews'.

Mr Johnson is perhaps right in saying that 'for the Germans'—it might be more accurate to say: for many Germans—'there was no middle ground between acquiescence and conspiracy', but it must not be thought that the camps, and many of the 'very harsh measures' perpetrated there, were unknown.

Even if they had been, however, it must seem highly questionable whether the British camps in Kenya can in fairness be at all compared with the camps in Nazi Germany. Whereas crimes (if any) in the Kenya camps are incidental, the horrors of the Nazi camps were part and parcel of a system: Jews, e.g., were not to be regarded as human beings, and as far as they were concerned, murder simply was held to be no crime.

C. C. ARONSFELD

The Wiener Library
4 Devonshire St, W1

[Mr Johnson did not compare Nazi and British camps. He argued that citizens in a democracy cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for complacency.—Ed. *NS.*]

ATROCITIES

SIR,—Agreeing with you as I do about the régimes in Saudi Arabia, Algeria, Portugal and the like, I have been sorry to see you reporting in detail tortures practised under these régimes.

We all know the ease with which a shock appeal to the emotions can arouse support for a cause, but such support is rarely as lasting as that produced by reasoned argument. To seek to convert by invoking hate and disgust rather than by appealing to the intellect is the technique of the demagogue.

Although, therefore, I do not doubt that brutality is used as a weapon by oppressors in Portugal and elsewhere, I do doubt whether repeated reference to obscene tortures, even when they involve the maltreatment of the penis to which you so often refer, is one-hundredth part as useful as your printing of the cold facts of oppression.

However this may be there is a more serious point about your printed accounts of torture. They are frequently physiologically and pathologically impossible. Urinary bladders do not burst when they are obstructed, and 'Alternate drops of hot and cold water

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in the ears'—just like that—do not cause deafness and would seem to be an inefficient form of torture anyway. These inaccuracies throw doubt upon the source of your information if not upon the wisdom of your argument.

KENNETH WILSON

250 Hillbury Road
Warlingham

[The regular practice of torture by the Salazar régime is one of the 'cold facts of oppression' to which Mr Wilson urges us to devote space, and it seemed particularly appropriate to draw the attention of British readers to it at a time when the less savoury aspects of the Portuguese dictatorship are being hidden by a much-publicised State Visit. On many other occasions we have described, in detail, the economic and social consequences of Salazar's rule. We have only too much reason to trust the information, which comes from a correspondent whose reliability has been often tested, but we and Mr Wilson should both remember that victims of atrocities are not always able to describe their experiences with the objective accuracy of a medical report.—ED., *NS.*]

VISITORS TO ENGLAND

SIR,—Last week I sent my Italian secretary, who has been with me for twelve years, to England for three months to perfect his English. He had a letter of credit for £150, his papers were in perfect order, he was to stay with his brother-in-law who is English and lives in London, and I had given him letters of introduction to the Italian Institute and to various persons of influence. Despite this, he was subjected by the immigration officer (who spoke only English) to a battery of offensive questions, and was eventually told that he could not enter England unless he could prove that he was not going to work for his brother-in-law. (How does one prove such a thing?) He was rescued, luckily, by a friend of mine who was on the boat and who is well known in the literary world. She went bail for him. No sooner had she done so than she was approached by another Italian, who spoke no English at all, and who was going to spend his fortnight's holiday with relatives at Bournemouth. He had been given the same treatment. When she intervened again, the immigration officer asked her sourly if she was making herself responsible for all Italians. She then reeled off a list of international committees to which she belonged, and he grudgingly signed a three-month permit for the second Italian, who thereupon burst into tears, convinced that the Immigration Officer would throw him into a concentration camp if he did not stay the full three months.

Possibly these formalities are necessary, though I take leave to doubt it. But, if they are, could we not raise one immigration officer with some knowledge of European languages, and some semblance of manners?

LIONEL FIELDEN

Ripafratta, Pisa

CALDER ON WELLS

SIR,—R. H. S. Crossman, in his review of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, says that I was compelled to distort the portrait of H. G. Wells by omitting reference to the role which women played in his life. In fairness to the *DNB* and its editor E. T. Williams, I must explain that there was no compulsion from that quarter. Any inhibitions I may have had came entirely from a lifetime of libel-dodging. (Even H. G., who was not particularly reticent about personal relations, was compelled to exercise similar discretion in his autobiography.) Many of the people concerned are still eminently alive and the influences are still influential. To have generalised would, I suggest, have distorted the portrait even more (if it is influence and not just salaciousness which we are discussing) and to have particularised would have involved living people.

RITCHIE CALDER

Belmont, Surrey.

[We regret that the printing dispute has obliged us to limit severely the space available for correspondence.—ED. NS.]

Summer Books Supplement

THE NOVEL IN THE AMERICAN SOUTH

In the three years between 1929 and 1932 William Faulkner published three novels which to my mind are his masterpieces: *The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying,* and *Light in August.* Other persons might argue for *Absalom, Absalom!, The Wild Palms,* and *The Hamlet;* but nobody, I take it, would omit from any list of Faulkner's best works *The Sound and the Fury.* The author of these remarkable, epoch-making books in the history of the American novel, was then in his early thirties. The most recent two or three novels are a falling-off from the peak of his genius; and *The Fable* is a mediocre calamity. No matter: one – or three or four, but all three or four are lions. There is no rule of the common-law of literature which compels a writer to get better and better, year after year, until he is ninety. We – the 'literary critics' – watch for each new book by an author in the hope that he will show signs of decay; or we feel a secret, jubilant disappointment if he doesn't.

The purpose of these observations is not to berate the critics. (Miss Helen Gardner, in a recent, brilliant book, has done this almost too well.) In my remarks on Faulkner, I wished to fix an historical moment for the climax of what has been called the Southern Renaissance. I would put it round the middle nineteen-thirties, at the high point of William Faulkner's genius. But I cannot believe that English readers make the mistake of a brilliant young French critic, M. Michel Morht, who a few years ago wrote a book about the American novel from which the unalert reader might get the impression that the Southern novel consists entirely of William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, and Truman Capote. Mr Faulkner and Mr Warren are a large part of it; but they are not all of it. If literary history has no laws, it nevertheless shows us empirically that no writer of Faulkner's magnitude has appeared alone, in complete social isolation – though he may, like Faulkner, isolate himself personally, or propagate a legend of his aloofness.

The special situation of the American South, from 1865 to about 1918, must be borne in mind if we are to understand the 'Renaissance'. (It had better be named the Nascence, the ante-bellum South having produced only Poe, Simms, and Timrod, and the late Reconstruction the apprentice works of Cabell and Miss Glasgow: in neither period enough writers of the first order to constitute a literature.) The political secession of the South occurred in 1861; the moral secession after 1865, and this lasted until the end of the first World War. Isolation by the kind of choice that results from defeat and poverty made the Southern States virtually a separate nation, or at least a colonial province ruled until 1877 by the conquerors, and exploited by their heirs until yesterday; the South was Uncle Sam's Other Province. This social withdrawal produced a sentimental literature of Narcissism, in which the South tried to define itself by gazing into a glass behind its back: not inward. It was not a literature of introspection; it was a literature of romantic illusion; and its mode was what I have elsewhere called the Rhetorical Mode. Here I like Yeats's epigram about rhetoric: it is the way we quarrel with others; and rhetoric in the Reconstruction South was our way of quarrelling with the Yankees (a just quarrel, at that), who were to blame for everything. The quarrel raged with some instinctive versatility; for it often proceeded negatively by producing fiction in which the Southern gentleman was the Chevalier Bayard *redivivus,* the Poor White a picturesque buffoon who spoke 'quaint' dialects, and the Negro Rousseau's Natural Man who had been spoiled by having been deprived of the benefits of slavery.

Two exceptions must be noticed; and they make all the difference. The one appeared in the ante-bellum South: Augustus Baldwin Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes,* a series of yarns and anecdotes of the life of the Crackers and Red-Necks of the Low Country. The people are comic characters, but they are observed with precision and they are presented as complete, serious human beings. *Georgia Scenes* appeared in 1835. Forty-five years later, in the Reconstruction Period, Mark Twain published *Huckleberry Finn,* the first Southern novel in which the action is generated inside the characters. These two works are the beginning of modern Southern literature; they are equally important for American literature as a whole. What concerns me here are the lessons they taught to writers two generations later: the one a lesson in the necessity of direct observation, the other the indispensable lesson that the art of fiction begins with inner conflict, not in a quarrel with a wicked enemy to the North.

These lessons might not have been learned but for two historical forces that seemed to converge dramatically at the end of the first World War. The Reconstruction of the South was complete, and even accepted: the South was becoming industrialised and an enthusiastic participant in the benefits of the Union; it was, in short, getting rich again. Some recusants remained: they were chiefly young men disaffected by the war experience of 1918 and bemused by the violent transition from the Old South to the irresistible New. They had been in Europe, and the more literary of them became aware of the great European writers, Joyce, Proust, Baudelaire, and Rimbaud; and for the first time (so far as I know) Henry James was read by Southerners as an artist, not merely as a novelist of manners. The re-entry of the South into the world and the violent social changes at home brought about the consciousness which was able to learn the lessons of Longstreet and Mark Twain. This consciousness generated an image of the past in the present: the pervasive Southern subject of our time.

All this is much too simple; and perhaps I have so exaggerated the value of Longstreet and Twain as to place them as 'influences' consciously assimilated. I had better call them forerunners; yet it is easier to learn methods and techniques from writers who have applied them to the life that we have known from infancy. We shall not be able to estimate the early influences that William Faulkner felt until many years after his death. At present they seem to be Twain, Longstreet, Dickens, Flaubert and Joyce, but in what proportions the ingredients are mixed it would not be profitable to speculate: yet Twain and Longstreet are there.

Whether my guess at the 'causes' of the literary awakening of the South between the great wars is true or not, the fact remains that an almost frenetic literary activity immediately followed the first World War, and has scarcely abated yet. In the early nineteen-twenties most of the Southern writers we read today appeared in Southern 'little magazines'. *The Fugitive,* in Nashville, brought out John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, and Donald Davidson; *The Reviewer,* of Richmond, published the first work of Paul Green, one of the best American dramatists, and a native of North Carolina; and *The Double Dealer* of New Orleans, the most 'cosmopolitan' of the Southern journals, gave Faulkner his début with a poem printed in the issue of May 1922. The index of *The Southern Review,* started in Baton Rouge in the Thirties, would be a roll-call of the best Southern writers of our time: Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, Caroline Gordon, Andrew Lytle, Carson McCullers, Stark Young, Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

I have cited, I believe, the leading writers of fiction of the now older generation; for fiction has been the Southern literary form, for reasons not far to seek. The preoccupation with the almost obsessive Southern theme, the past in the present, is obviously a social and historical interest, best approached through the form that Henry James elevated to the rank of true history. The Southern poets and critics have been conspicuous: Ransom and Warren as poet-critics, and Cleanth Brooks as one of the chief New Critics. (Some scholars credit these men with the invention of the American branch of the New Criticism.) But if the Southern Renaissance has not been a flash in the pan, it will continue to live in the Southern novel.

What, more precisely, has been the dramatic focus of the Southern novel of our time? Mr Malcolm Cowley once spoke of it is as 'William Faulkner's Legend of the South', supposing no doubt that Mr Faulkner had invented it. It is not only his legend; it is every Southerner's legend, even when he tries to ignore it, or when he hates it. And had Mr Faulkner invented it, it would not be as good as it is; nor would the legend of Oedipus, had Sophocles invented it. The Southern legend is a myth – and by myth I mean dramatic projection of heroic action upon reality: the myth *is* reality. The Southern myth runs somewhat as follows: The South, afflicted with the curse of slavery, had to be destroyed,

the good along with the evil, and the old order was replaced by 'foreign' exploiters – 'carpet-baggers' – who co-operated with the native rascals – 'scalawags' – to give the South its final agonies. The cynical materialism of the New South has given us the American Standard of Living, but has also created a society which Matthew Arnold saw in America in the Eighties and called vigorous and uninteresting. The myth is not of the cosmic Greek order; but it does very well for the novel, as well perhaps as the New England myth of *The House of the Seven Gables* which the Southern myth resembles, with the added Southern advantage of a Trojan War to focus the destruction of the past.

It has seemed to me, during a residence in England of almost a year, that the younger English novelists are concerned with class-consciousness (a mystery but not a myth); the younger Southern novelists, like Mr Truman Capote, with literary fashions which make the South viable in Ischia; but the older generation of Southern novelists were concerned with – well, with what? I may as well come out with it: with the Eternal Verities. The rise of the modern South offered a great subject to a sufficient number of writers of genius who knew how to treat a great subject with respect.

ALLEN TATE

Heroes in Their Prime

Theseus: was he an old, bald King of Athens
By folly forced into self-banishment,
Who cursed his own twelve tribes from Mount Gargettus
And sailed for Scyros, glowering discontent?

No, but that tall youth who laid low Procrustes,
Sinis and Scyron, bandits of repute,
And in a labyrinthine lair at Cnossus
The Minotaur by night dared execute.

Bellerophon: was he a tattered outcast
Seldom descried on the rough Xanthian plain,
Whom Pegasus had pitched into a thorn-bush,
Thus rudely closing his presumptuous reign?

No, but that hero, smiled on by Athene,
Scourge both of Amazons and Solymi,
Who quenched Chimaera's fiery exhalations
With arrows showered at her from a clear sky.

Jason: was Jason a chap-fallen beggar
Whom the prophetic prow of Argo *slew*
When back he crawled to die in shame at Corinth
Loathed by the gods, and by his shipmates too?

No, but that single-sandalled young Magnesian,
Fearless and fond, the cynosure of Greece,
Who by your gracious hand, Queen Aphrodite,
Seduced Medea and fetched home the fleece.

And Nestor: was he Agamemnon's Nestor,
Whose grey beard wagged beside the walls of Troy
And wagged still more, long after Troy had fallen,
Anent his exploits as a beardless boy?....

Yes, that was he; revered by Prince Achilles,
Odysseus, Diomede and many more –
Not the young braggart, quaking at the tree-top
In terror of a Calydonian boar.

ROBERT GRAVES

Honour to the Human Spirit

Slaves Unaware. By MAGNUS PYKE. *Murray.* 16*s.*

When I took this book up it was with a feeling of dread that here was another attack on the modern world by someone whose dislike of the technological advances due to science came from his understanding neither science nor technology, and led to the natural conclusions that they must be either trivial or deplorable. It is not.

Besides having begun as a research biochemist under Sir Jack Drummond and having had wide experience of the administration of the consequences of scientific discoveries, Dr Pyke is clearly a man of wide education and interests, who has given deep study to the great problems which come from the scientific revolution. He is also interested in the less obvious points: did you realise that public health in large towns would have been impossible without iron pipes to keep the sewage out of the water, or know that scent was first incorporated in soap in Damascus in the Dark Ages? Dr Pyke speaks of the courage needed by anyone nowadays who dares write of science as a whole. In the many references to physics I have detected only a very few insignificant mistakes; though surely current electricity in the form of the telegraph, rather than aniline dyes, was the first purely scientific discovery to have commercial importance. It is a book full of ideas stimulating and well expressed.

The modern age is based economically on technological advances deriving from discoveries in pure science adapted for use by the methods of applied science. Dr Pyke points out that our politicians and civil servants have been remarkably business-like in their handling of changes such as those produced by the application of nuclear energy to the production of power. These uses of science have come to stay and the standard of living depends on the output of laboratories. It will probably go up, but the question comes, are we not perhaps rich enough? We do not appear to think so, but if one looks more closely, the trend of the age seems less materialistic than a casual glance would suggest. People are more and more interested in leisure, and on the whole tend to use it in more sensible ways: gardening, home-dressmaking, and make-it-yourself support important industries, and so does classical music in recordings.

But the Zeitgeist is still too much concerned with things, and Dr Pyke's main object is to point out how the economic importance of science reacts on science itself. Science has two sides – the material and the spiritual. On the material side it is a means of increasing the standard of living, both in the west, where it is perhaps high enough already, and in the backward countries where it definitely is not. This applies not merely to applied science, science that is consciously directed to some definite 'useful' aim, but to pure science as well, science done without the idea of application, but which nevertheless is the ultimate basis of all the advances in applied science. What I have called the spiritual side has wholly different aims, though very similar techniques. Indeed the same discovery may serve both. In words which Dr Pyke quotes from the mathematician Jacobi, 'the sole aim of science is to do honour to the human spirit'. I do not think that Dr Pyke would entirely accept the word 'sole', but he is concerned very rightly lest the success of science in the economic world should make men neglect this other and more important aspect. Science is sometimes said to have no concern with values. This is untrue, but its concern is a selective one. Truth is its supreme value, but truth brings with it the other values of wonder and of beauty. These of course exist outside science and are approached in other ways, but within science they can only be reached through truth.

Dr Pyke has many valuable and sometimes amusing things to say about scientific education, the management of scientists, and the dissemination of scientific information. He makes it clear that to acquire a scientific attitude of mind is for the present age as important a part of education as to gain literary facility. At present it is lacking in a large proportion of the officially 'educated'. So unfortunately is literary facility in very many of those who practise science. I found him a little hard to understand on the desirability of education in technical colleges. He considers, possibly rightly, that a good many university graduates are used on jobs for which their full training is not needed; on the other hand he is clear as to the importance of a philosophical attitude for the scientist. The defence of the technical college seems to me to be that it can train men to do excellent work who are not capable of the more abstract ideas on which a university should insist; or, as sometimes happens, capable of those ideas, but impatient of them.

GEORGE THOMSON

The Private Secretary

Edward Marsh. BY CHRISTOPHER HASSALL. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

Sir Edward Marsh was a Civil Servant and an Aesthete, and was a man of excellence in both capacities. As a Civil Servant his particular gifts found their chance for full expression in the role of Private Secretary to a number of Cabinet Ministers, notably to Sir Winston Churchill whom he served for over a quarter of a century. As an Aesthete he was not a mere man of taste; he served the artists and writers he admired in the most practical way in which one can serve them. He used his time and energy and such influence as he commanded to get their works read, and seen, and appreciated; and he devoted a large proportion of his slender resources to buying their pictures or getting their poems published; and failing that, he could always be counted on for hard cash when their circumstances were dire. For a man who combined extremely expensive tastes and fashionable connections with a modest salary and a very small inheritance, his generosity was stupendous.

So much anyone who did not know of Eddie Marsh might gather from this new biography, but only with a good deal of patient application. Either as Aesthete or as Private Secretary he may yet earn a footnote in history; but as a friend, raconteur, translator, wit, scholar, proof-corrector, *bon viveur*, editor and first nighter, he has earned over seven hundred pages of closely packed print from Mr Christopher Hassall – to say nothing of a preface which tells us that 'he will only be imagined aright if seen as a scholar whose other qualities combined, sometimes for years at a stretch, to lead him from his natural bent'.

If the purpose of this over-long biography is to establish that view of him, then it is a signal failure. Mr Hassall's book is well written, but badly composed. He would argue, no doubt, that only the fullest chronicle would indicate the many-sidedness of the man. But the defence doesn't stand. Mr Hassall is perhaps not at the

right distance to see his subject clearly. He has been overwhelmed by his material. I have no doubt that he was faced with a great deal more, and he himself may well feel that he has been brutally ruthless in excluding good things, and the copiousness will probably delight Eddie Marsh's friends. But to those who, like this reviewer, did not know Marsh, this book will do him less service than would have a more disciplined, less self-indulgent study with a very much clearer purpose and, perhaps, a more modest one.

As it is, it gives all too much the impression of an extended gossip column, thick with OK names, a Ruff's guide to the Right People, a jumble of tittle-tattle badly in need of sifting. There is far too much trivial detail—where Eddie dined and with whom, which unimportant plays he saw and which fashionable but long since forgotten books he enjoyed. It comes dangerously near substantiating the very picture of Marsh which it might be supposed his friends would wish to defend him against – the caricature which Wells, in one of his guttersnipe moods, put into a novel:

> Mr Freddy Mush, whose chief characteristics were 'Taste, Good Taste. . . . He's dreadfully critical and sarcastic. . . . Mr Mush with his preposterous eye-glass and love of good food . . . spoke in a kind of impotent falsetto'.

If the average reader, not in the know, carries away some such impression as this, it will be the biographer's fault. Yet this self-indulgent method has incidental rewards. Marsh was a true Edwardian in his love of, and gift for, the anecdote, and his letters are full of very amusing ones and of good jokes too. Indeed the best things in the book are its initial glimpses of the golden heyday before the Great War. What a wonderful zest those Edwardian sprigs had! 'Such enjoyment of life and feather-heartedness . . . such prehistoric happiness,' as Graves said, ruefully looking back on Rupert Brooke. Some of that lightheartedness, learned from Maurice Baring, Raymond Asquith, Victor Lytton, remained with Marsh all his life. We may feel, now, in their turn of humour and turn of phrase something a little sickly – a faint whiff of violet-scented cachous, as it were, in their style. But what bubbling fun! What civilised and unclouded *joie de vivre!*

The core of Marsh's successful life was surely this: that, rendered impotent, as Mr Hassall tells us, by a childhood illness, he compensated by a positive talent for hero-worship; and unlike most hero-worshippers whose swans commonly turned out geese, with him a remarkably high proportion were swans indeed. 'Our little friend Eddie,' as Sickert once remarked of him, 'is not without a certain idiot flair'. As an undergraduate he was in the discriminating van in praising Ibsen and Shaw. Rupert Brooke was not the only object of his Georgian enthusiasm. D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and Middleton Murry were among the grateful recipients of his private disbursements (and these three may be sufficient to dispel the canard that the handsome alone received his patronage, though these indeed did). Many of his heroes deserved his worship and his worship took most serviceable forms. To Sir Winston he was indispensable, first as a secretary, and later as literary counsellor (a task – performed for many others, too, like Somerset Maugham – which he fulfilled most diligently, ruthlessly and thoroughly). Psychologically his need, as Mr Hassall shrewdly observes in an aside, was the need to be needed, and to be needed by Sir Winston is enough to justify any man's life. The qualities that made him so indispensable to such a man are not sufficiently stressed in this biography. They must have been something more mundane and practical than a ready wit and the understanding of wit. But this quality was certainly an advantage, and it rescues for us yet one more gem for Critic to add to his collection of Churchilliana. Sir Winston and Marsh had been talking of America's contribution to the victory in Europe:

> E.M.: I'm in favour of kissing him (Uncle Sam) on both cheeks.
> W.S.C.: But not on all four.

T. C. WORSLEY

National Health

The English Health Service. By HARRY ECKSTEIN. *Oxford : Harvard.* 30*s.*

The creation of the National Health Service may well come to be regarded as the greatest single achievement in the field of social policy of the post-war Labour government. But not until 1934 was it included in the Labour Party's programme. And the first advocates of it in the Labour movement were not working-class patients or Fabian intellectuals, but socialist doctors. The reasons why the early Fabians did not want a National Health Service are fairly clear. Shaw distrusted doctors and the Webbs distrusted patients. They expected that the working classes would take to medicine as readily as they had taken to drink. This distrust of working people still finds an echo in Labour Party circles today. It accounts for the narrowness of Labour thinking about social policy and for the punishing attitude of a number of Labour-controlled local authorities.

The National Health Service, as Eckstein points out in his penetrating study of its origin and achievements, owes more to medical planners than to socialist theorists. For example, the idea of a planned hospital service had been developed by non-socialist doctors by 1920 (Dawson Report). If Eckstein had taken his researches further back he could have found the idea in the writings of Florence Nightingale and Louisa Twining in the 1860s. But the need for central and regional planning was not the only reason why the local authorities lost their hospitals in 1948. Indeed, if the need for large-scale planning carried much weight in the development of policy, many other functions would have been removed from local authorities long ago (*e.g.*, special schools and some welfare services). Fundamentally the local authorities lost their hospitals because they had never won the confidence of the doctors.

The National Health Service was a product both of the altruism and of the self-interest of the medical profession. Up to 1942 altruism seemed to be well in the lead. In that year a commission organised by the BMA and the Royal Colleges recommended the organisation of hospitals on a regional basis and the organisation of general practice on a 'corporate basis', the whole service to be planned by public authority. After 1942 the doctors retreated from this radical position. They still wanted a service nominally run by public authority, but they demanded a large stake in every level of the administration and the right to veto every major policy decision. Britain's medical services were not to be placed wholly in the hands of democratically elected representatives, they were to be run by a partnership of the Government and the profession. And the profession got what it wanted; more especially after 1951.

Out of all the backstairs negotiations has emerged a national service in three largely uncoordinated branches: the hospitals, the family doctors and the 'local' services. Eckstein lays great stress on this structural weakness which has been complacently accepted by three recent government committees. He also dismisses the criticisms of the cost of the service. One of the main purposes of 'planning' the hospital services was to correct the wide differences in the standard provided in different parts of the country. As expenditure has been heavily restricted – particularly on capital account – little progress has been made in this direction. The principal fault of the service is not that it has spent too much but that it has spent too little. 'It is high time', Eckstein concludes, 'to let the Health Service go on a spending spree. . . . If a society conscious of its medical needs cannot afford a decent medical system, what can it afford?'

Eckstein has covered an immense amount of ground in less than three hundred pages. He has not said the last word on the subject. For example, his account of the earlier history of medical care in England is misleading at a number of points. And I am sure that there is much more to be found out about the secret settlements between Bevan and the consultants and about the infiltration of socialist doctors in the counsels of the BMA. But Eckstein's book is well written, witty and concise and certainly the best study of the subject to be written so far.

Its importance lies in the fact that it has exposed part of the role played by one of the major pressure groups in Britain – the medical profession. Nevertheless, it can be said that when compared with its American equivalent, the BMA has more sense of public responsibility. One cannot help wondering whether obstruction by the AMA has played any part in preventing Eckstein's book from being published earlier. It was finished four years ago.

BRIAN ABEL-SMITH

All Religions are Different

Oedipus and Job in West African Religion. By MEYER FORTES. *Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Tallensi are a Gold Coast people whose institutions have been described and analysed by Professor Fortes in two great works. For his Frazer lecture in 1956 he chose the theme of Destiny as it is conceived of among the Tallensi. There are, in fact, two sorts of Destiny which they recognise. One is the Prenatal Destiny which seems to be in its nature evil, and the source of all the misfortunes in a man's life, and ultimately of his death. The other is a Good Destiny, essentially social in character, and embodying the will of a particular configuration of ancestors. It 'pertains to men only'.

> So every married man has his Good Destiny (*Yin*) shrine. While he is still young and dependent on his father, it stands in his mother's quarters. Later when he has children it is moved to his wife's quarters. And finally, when he succeeds to his father's place, it is moved outside to show that it owns and guards the whole family group.

Professor Fortes suggests that the Tallensi are making a symbolical distinction between the inborn personality and the social personality. If there is something about a person's innate characteristics which prevents him from fulfilling his social role (and especially his role as a son and as a father), then evil will befall. Of course, people may have a run of bad luck even though they are apparently conforming with social requirements. They must then consult a diviner, who will diagnose the omission of some duty to society, enshrined in the ancestors, and will prescribe a suitable sacrifice in reparation.

However conscientious a man may be in dis-

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HEINEMANN

charging his ritual obligations, there is always a loophole. For the will of the ancestors only becomes known after they strike. ... The system as a whole is impregnable.

The analysis is lucid, the writing is distinguished, the notions it dissects are fascinating in themselves. One is inevitably led to compare them with notions of destiny held by other peoples and in other epochs. Such comparisons were the material of 'the great Frazerian *corpus*'. But whereas Sir James Frazer 'looked for connections in common human experiences and mental processes', the school of social anthropologists among whom Professor Fortes is so eminent emphasises, above all, the connection between forms of belief and forms of social structure. Both beliefs and structures are amazingly variable. It remains to establish a correspondence between the two kinds of variation.

Such correspondences are, indeed, suggestive and enlightening. In Africa alone there are enough variants to make of modern Africanism an important province of humanism. In the past, humanism was based on our literary heritage from Greece and Rome. (The Old Testament was part of our religion then, not of our literature.) Frazer began from a passage in Virgil and proceeded to explore, in his armchair at Trinity College, the diversities and uniformities of human belief. To Professor Fortes his method of comparisons seems superficial; though he pays tribute to the greatness of 'a vision that takes in the whole of mankind'. Professor Fortes himself 'takes in' Oedipus and Job as representatives in myth of conceptions of destiny which he equates with the bad and the good Destinies, respectively, of the Tallensi. In a Frazer lecture this invocation of classical and biblical analogies is stylistically apt, but intellectually it should perhaps be carried further, fully to justify its superimposition on the splendid African material. The argument remains incomplete unless some evidence is offered that the Oedipal Destiny is related to the social structure of the Greeks and the Jobian Destiny to that of the Jews.

CHARLES MADGE

The Wrong Size

Journey to the Ends of Time : Vol. I. Lost in the Dark Wood. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Cassell*. 35*s*.

For Sacheverell Sitwell, horror resides in what is out of scale: the gigantic, or the minuscule: the monstrous fish greater than the rorqual, Velasquez' *Meninas*. For G. K. Chesterton, the wrong shape: for Mr Sitwell, the wrong size.

Lost in the Dark Wood is the account of a journey after death through a purgatory and hell which have no sinners but sufferers only. It is the symphony, but in prose, that Berlioz meant to write when he conceived a mock Day of Judgment staged by Antichrist, which was to be interrupted by the real one.

The images of Mr Sitwell's Virgilian tour are drawn from painting, music, and the scurf of contemporary life, from Bosch, from Bach, from Belsen, and from a wet fortnight at Filey. He has done much the same thing before, in *The Quick and the Dead* and *Splendours and Miseries*, but he has never done them better; and if he is found to be the wrong size for the time we live in, so much the worse for that time. For he has had an undeserved eclipse: his strange personal vision in which the horrible and delightful clamber together in a single vine, his deep and demonstrative pity, his skills as an expositor and conveyor of the essence of music and painting, have never had anything like their due.

This is not a good age for the multi-gifted. Too many miscellaneous skills arouse resentment and suspicion; this would have been a poor time for Leonardo. Mr Sitwell, a poet seriously undervalued, an illuminative critic of the arts, a criminologist of knowledge and perception, feels all too sharply that he has had a raw deal.

> There is the torment of having done, or tried, too many things at once; to which the rejoinder is 'Mind your own business'; music reviewers will not give you a notice because you are not a musician; botanists, ornithologists ignore you because you are not of them, writers on architectural and kindred subjects chase away the intruder, and by now it is too late to begin another career, and you are forgotten as a poet. But whose fault is that, and who gets the blame? It is better to keep to the straight furrow, looking not to left or right, nor following the hare that runs out of the spinney.

A bewildering number of hares, indeed, are chased from the stygian spinneys of Mr Sitwell's night: chased, and caught. The index alone makes remarkable reading. 'Avril, Jane. Body: horror of its destruction. Bogany troupe' – (Does anyone recall this frightening music-hall turn? Mr Sitwell asks. I do. Only too well.) 'Capuchin ossuaries. Castor-oil plants. Cimarosa. *Daily Sketch*. Extermination camps. Gedney church, Lincs. Hitler. Holiness. Hurdy-gurdies.' And so on. The journey has some affinity with Wyndham Lewis's in *The Human Age*: but with a profound difference. It seems to me that Mr Sitwell is much more horrified by cruelty than Lewis, that he has never toughened himself to it. (We cannot really detest cruelty unless we contain a sadistic streak within ourselves which we have had to fight to overcome. The worst horrors of this century have been the work of dull men.)

One of the strange things about Mr Sitwell's work is that it would be hard, without the internal references, to fit it into any particular period. He is not a writer of any particular age or fashion or school. He is peculiarly and refreshingly alone. Is this mandarin writing? Yes: but then I should be the last to mind. It takes all sorts to make a literature – which ought to be a platitude, and isn't. Yes, mandarin writing; very odd, splendid of its sort, springing from an extraordinary visual sense and a desire to provide shock therapy. As in some of Mr Sitwell's earlier works, there are things here which spring at your face and make you start back: you will remember just where they come in future, so as to creep upon them with more circumspection, or slide past them because the sight of so much human misery isn't tolerable twice. Yet these things were not put in *merely* to shock you: they are salutary reminders of the things which were, and which must not be again. They are never the cruelties of a cruel man, but of a shrinkingly kind one.

The form of this book, with its arbitrary workings along a slide-rule of time, with its effective freaks of punctuation, ought to make for difficulties but doesn't. Reversing Miss Stella Gibbons's joke, Mr Sitwell puts asterisks at the foot of pages readers might find hard-going, and want to skip; only a pretty arid imagination would take the hint.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

New cheap editions in paperbacks include Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* (Faber, 4s. 6d.); *Introducing Astronomy*, by J. B. Sidgwick (Faber, 6s.); Ignazio Silone's *Bread and Wine* (Ace Books, 3s. 6d.); *Black Boy*, by Richard Wright (Ace Books, 2s. 6d.); *An Introduction to Zen Buddhism*, by D. T. Suzuki; *The World of Bees*, by Gilbert Nixon (Arrow Books, 2s. 6d.).

Only for Addicts

Trevor Bailey's Cricket Book. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Cricket Punch. By FRANK WORRELL. *Stanley Paul.* 16*s.*

Cricket from the Grandstand. By KEITH MILLER. *Oldbourne.* 16*s.*

Round the Wicket. By W. J. EDRICH. *Muller.* 16*s.*

May's Men in Australia. By ALEC BEDSER. *Stanley Paul.* 16*s.*

The Fight for the Ashes, 1958-59. By IAN PEEBLES. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

Cricket Decade : England v. Australia, 1946-56. By J. M. KILBURN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

England v. India, 1886-1959. By S. CANYNGE CAPLE. *Littlebury, (Worcester).* 21*s.*

Northamptonshire Cricket. By J. D. COLDHAM. *Heinemann.* 35*s.*

Leaving purely instructional works aside, books about cricket – for that matter books about all sports and games – relate to ordinary reading-matter as television productions relate to productions for the cinema or steam radio: they are for the most part brazenly shoddy, indifferent to normal professional standards, over-relaxed, simply because they have a guaranteed audience, a faithful public which demands nothing of them but that they should exist. Only, whereas it's easy to explain why television's public will take almost anything, it is less obvious why books on sports and games should also have what is in effect a captive audience, especially as this captive audience isn't an inert audience but is prepared to go to the trouble of buying or borrowing what it consumes.

Is it just that hope springs eternal, and that every now and then a book or a chapter or a paragraph turns up to compensate for the prevailing dreariness? Or is it that reading books on a sport or game is simply a form of collecting, so that the quality of each volume is not even relevant? Or is it something to do with the fact that people obsessed with a sport, whether actively or passively, have a boundless capacity for re-living their experiences of it? Does it mean that it does something for them to read and read and read again accounts, however inadequate, of performances or performers they've watched? Or does it mean that in reading a description, however lacking in real evocative power, of a great player playing a particular shot, they recapture the tingle in their wrists and arms and body of playing the same shot themselves, have it again in a heightened, glamorised form?

For those who aren't addicts but like to choose their cricket books, there isn't one among the present batch that can be recommended, except the Trevor Bailey book as a present for a schoolboy – the photographs are numerous and extremely well chosen and reproduced, and the text is free of padding and pretension. The trouble with these books is that so little trouble seems to have been taken over their writing. Take, for example, a sentence from the book by Peebles (who last year produced a first-rate cricket book, intensely thoughtful and entertaining). He is writing about the MCC side's first meeting with the colossal, erratic, fast-thrower, Rourke: 'One really majestic wide landed on the previous week's pitch next door and, raising a great cloud of dust, cleft the unsuspecting slips asunder like a cannon-ball'. It could have been a fine Wodehousian effort if it hadn't been allowed to decline into cliché. But what one generally resents about the slipshod

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LONGMANS

clichés all these books are packed with is not that they preclude 'fine writing' but that they make everything over-generalised, that they are the result of a vagueness of focus, both in description and in analysis. What's wrong with these books is not their style in itself but the thought behind the style, its lack of precision and penetration. They are, of course, occasionally, but too occasionally, illuminating. Miller writes some telling invective against Bradman. Worrell offers disturbing comments on the behaviour of English and especially Surrey cricketers, and is informative about the mysteries of Ramadhin. Edrich has some shrewd things to say about certain Test captains, and in the technical domain one crystalline and memorable sentence about playing the hook shot: 'The secret of the shot is to let the ball lift straight at the spot between your eyes.' By and large, Bedser's is probably the book with most to offer in the way of illuminating observations on tactics and technique. On the other hand, few cricket books are more thoroughly deadened than his – and that is saying a good deal – by the hand of the ghost-writer as he turns his mincing-machine. If only we could have had a simple transcript of Bedser's own tape-recorded draft, whatever its clumsiness: the clichés would have been the clichés of a personality.

But this sort of wish is irrelevant to my main complaint, which is not about the style of cricket books, but their content. Narrative or descriptive writing about cricket is pointless unless it is vivid enough to re-create the exact flavour of a performance or a situation and the characters involved, in their complexity and size – vivid enough to evoke them as totally as they were in Denys Rowbotham's descriptions in the *Manchester Guardian* of Hutton's batting in Australia during the winter of 1950-51. But most cricket-writing nowadays is done, with or without benefit of ghosts, by former Test players, who can't be expected to have the necessary touch of Hazlitt about them. What they could do, though, but are too lazy and indifferent to do, is to offer scrupulously detailed, as it were clinical, analyses of tactics and techniques, as P. G. H. Fender did in his ludicrously badly written but bitingly intelligent book, *The Tests of 1930*. They could cut down on words, too, and offer more in the way of diagrams – of where the scoring shots in a significant individual innings were made, and of how bowlers placed their field to particular batsmen at particular times. Also, when writing scandalously, they could well, without risking action for libel, be more comprehensively indiscreet.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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Arthur Ransome's recreations are 'sailing, fishing, fairy stories'. For two of these he has won many admirers. As to fishing, it is more than thirty years since he wrote his first book on the subject; and thirty years, to any good fisherman who continues to learn and observe, brings much wisdom. This book, made up of some twenty papers and essays, is all that it should be. We have a fascinating and (until we remember that the author is a scholar of repute) a slightly improbable mixture. For there are character sketches of famous fishermen – George Bainbridge, William Scrope, John Younger ('The Shoemaker of St. Boswells'), Francis Hirst; there are essays on 'A Library of Fishing Books', and on 'A Portrait by Zoffany' (but I do not think that in *The Garricks Taking Tea* David really has a fish on – his pose is far too Augustan for that).

So the chapters unfold themselves, illuminated with humour, modestly and wisely written. Ransome was led to the theory that salmon *chew* lures, in a reminiscent attempt to recapture the flavour of their Atlantic sea-food, by watching American officers chewing gum (but not actually feeding) in the foyer of a hotel during the war. His theory was fortified, strictly by analogy, by the observation that fishermen using worms for salmon often find that they have been drained by chewing of their natural juices. Hence the investigations into the nature and appearance of the elvers that swarm in from the Sargasso Sea each summer, and the assumption that they, along with shrimps and the creatures of the plankton, form part of the salmon's food; and hence the invention of the Blue Vulturine Elver Fly, tied with hackles taken from the African guinea-fowl of that name. (Could any title suggest more forcibly to the layman the esoteric quality of the fisherman's mysteries?)

There is much else: not least how the reactions of a colour-blind friend caused Arthur Ransome to tie a modified Peter Ross with a green as well as a red component in the body (hence the new name, Port-and-Starboard); instructions for tying a fly-minnow (though I do not find this so original); and the best photographs I have seen, by Peter David, of euphausids and other creatures of the plankton. The dressing of flies is stressed as being (as it should be) fun; containing elements of both the Coleridgean Fancy and Imagination, and involving a ceaseless and exciting quest for materials. I wonder if he knows that charming narrative of Walter Peard: when, tying flies on a wet day in Ireland, 'the Hare's-Ear and Yellow was grudgingly supplied by the landlady's cat'? So – improbably – we have shown to us the contents of a Cromwellian trooper's dubbing bag; characterisations of various famous fly-dressers (but is he quite fair to the shade of Pennell?); old fishing diaries; and a wealth of other pleasant things. In all a delightful book, beautifully printed and illustrated, though the excellence of the plates made me long for more.

T. R. HENN

Detection and Crime

Maigret Has Scruples. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Bony and the Mouse. By ARTHUR UPFIELD *Heinemann.* 13s. 6d.

A Little Sin. By W. M. HARDY. *Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Gently in the Sun. By ALAN HUNTER. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

Double Jeopardy. By EDWIN LANHAM. *Gollancz.* 13s. 6d.

The Eighth Circle. By STANLEY ELLIN. *Boardman.* 12s. 6d.

A Hero for Leanda. By ANDREW GARVE. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

Swing Away, Climber. By GLYN CARR. *Bles.* 12s. 6d.

The latest Simenon will surely not disappoint his constant admirers, although they may find *Maigret Has Scruples* all too short to satisfy their appetite. The 186 pages of large print can be easily read in an hour and a half, with the greatest pleasure and without skipping a precious word. A wretched little fellow comes to Maigret one morning to complain that his wife intends to poison him: that same afternoon the wife arrives in the office to complain that her husband is suffering from delusions. Is the man mad? Maigret mugs up on the mysteries of psychiatry. Or is he sane? Maigret sets a watch on the house; but neither he nor the reader can master the ambivalent possibilities of the situation until there is an actual body to work on and provide a last-page solution. With advancing years Maigret looks less and less of a sleuth hound and more and more of a champion for suffering humanity. Now Raymond Chandler is gone, perhaps Simenon intends to carry on with the crusade for improving the morality of our times by dint of the detective story.

In *Bony and the Mouse* Mr Upfield's half-caste hero-detective works along Maigret lines in the wilds of Western Australia. In a one-horse town where two murders have already been insolubly committed Bony gets to know the personnel in an affable sort of way and calls in the aborigines to help out with the black tracking. This is an agreeable and not a difficult case. When the third murder occurs the reader is psychologically familiar with the set-up and should be able to make the proper arrest without any fancy business with black trackers.

A Little Sin stages another competent campus murder in North Carolina. (Mr Hardy's first campus effort *Lady Killer* may be favourably remembered.) A happily married professor of mathematics allows himself a few hours' flirtation with one of his luscious co-ed pupils, ending with a swim in a lake. He returns to shore to find the lady dead and, to spare his wife's feelings and for one thing and another, decides to go home and stay mum. Mr Hardy proceeds to wind the fellow up in a deadly net of compromising circumstances, as he richly deserves. But who did kill the girl? The solution is propounded in a fantastic flurry of melodrama, the going is excellent until the final fireworks, and this cautionary tale for middle-aged professors is highly recommended.

Chief Inspector Gently does his detecting by smoking a pipe and soaking up the essentials of a case through his pores, a habit which makes for very light reading. Moreover, all the events and characters in *Gently in the Sun* are happily disconnected from any semblance of reality. A

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lady visitor to an East Coast resort, with long, jet black hair and no morals to speak of, is discovered dead on the shore, stiff on her back, wearing beach-pyjamas at early dawn. There are old salts and gangsters in the environs; and the crime stretches its tentacles deep into the past – but not too deep for Gently! The reader had better not treat the business any more seriously than the publishers, who represent their dead lady on the dust-cover, red-haired, lying on her side and stark naked at mid-day.

Double Jeopardy too must be classed as light reading in the transatlantic style, where brisk assurance dispenses with any need for plausibility. A New Englander has cheerfully married a widow who has been suspected of murdering her first husband: he naturally tends to reconsider his position when he comes home late at night, gets a bullet past his head, and observes his lovely bride staring at the revolver in her hand 'with dull, trancelike eyes'. But Mr Lanham's straining after effect defeats its object: this stunning tableau merely proclaims the lady's innocence in the dull, trancelike eyes of us readers.

The Eighth Circle has been so highly praised that we must expect to hear more of Murray Kirk, Mr Ellin's hero-detective, supposedly equipped with a human heart as well as the usual detective paraphernalia. The plot runs on conventional gangster lines, where the police are in the pay of the crooks; and Kirk the private investigator is called in by a lawyer defending a policeman accused of corruption. The twist, the beloved twist, in the story develops because Kirk falls in love with the policeman's girl and devotes his enthusiasm to proving the man guilty rather than innocent. People who can like Kirk, tough diamond with a heart of gold, will certainly like the book, but to my dull trancelike eye he looks utterly phoney.

A Hero for Leanda is a well-written and exciting sea-thriller about the rescue in a small yacht of some one, such as Archbishop Makarios, from internment on an island in the Indian Ocean, such as the Seychelles. The description of sailing is just the sort of thing landsmen vicariously enjoy; the politics will not offend the Establishment, and the relations of hero and heroine will not offend any one.

Swing Away, Climber is an indigestible jumble of rock-climbing and detection. The rock-climbing takes place on Dinas Cromlech in North Wales and is quite straightforward, unpretentious, and impressive to the total ignoramus, as represented by this reviewer. The crime is perpetrated at the top of the Cromlech; and the detection by that incorrigible actor-manager, Sir Abercrombie Fewkener, is perpetuated all over the place. This book can only be recommended to fog-bound rock-climbers with a weak sense of humour and strong digestions for nonsense.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

No Love for Butskell: University Journalism Today

THE collection of university magazines on the table in front of me isn't by any means complete. But it gives some idea of the liveliness of current undergraduate writing, and is a fairer sample than it looks if you remember that it includes several inter-university publications (a new and important development): *Universities Poetry*, for instance, for which enterprising Keele is responsible, contains verses from twenty-two different colleges and universities. Merely from the physical point of view, the variety is considerable: everything from technical-looking glossies (with elaborate photographs, a dozen different type faces on one page, and the price on the cover in dollars as well as shillings) to cyclostyled productions clipped together. Prices vary, too, anything from fourpence to four shillings (but some don't quote their price at all); so does frequency of publication – *Isis* is weekly, some of the others may appear three times a year. No correlation is to be deduced between quality of production and of content: Leeds's *Geste*, for instance, which comes into the paper-clipped category, recently offered a special *Lolita* number which for balance and sense measured up well against metropolitan effusions.

The illustrated glossies include Edinburgh's *Gambit* (1s. 6d. only), and *Lucifer* (King's London), which has attractive illustrations in black and white and what I believe is called mauve: its contents are excellent but the editorial in the number I saw looked a bit depressing, hectoring the freshmen ('you have almost certainly come here, though this is a bold assumption, with some interest in your chosen subject'). Keele's *Cum Grano* has nice gaudy covers and one number has a special supplement consisting of the score of a new fantasia: let Oxbridge beat that if it can. Verse and fiction seem good, as everywhere, criticism less good ('explicate' for explain, and Chaucer being in the Victorian music-hall tradition).

Documentary topics included life as a tailor's assistant in the Old Kent Road, pornography (lovely to read an article in *praise* of it), jazz and the beat writers: Edinburgh's *Jabberwock* plans a special number on them in October with MSS by Kerouac, Ginsberg, etc. Incidentally, *Jabberwock* claims a fairly heavy sale to the outside public in Scotland: it deserves it; and many others ought to sell outside their universities.

A few magazines are bravely devoted to verse: besides *Universities Poetry*, I have seen and enjoyed *Out on the Edge* (Leeds) and *Delta* (Cambridge) – the latter has an Arts Council grant, a challenging editorial and some good reviews. Other mixed magazines like *Tamesis* (Reading) are generous in their allowance of space to verse and verse-reviews: *Gemini*, an interesting pan-university periodical now edited in London, offers in its summer number four separate reviews of poetry covering a dozen different books.

Special numbers on a single theme are popular: *Granta* has just had one on Africa, *Cambridge Opinion* several: on the Jews, on humanists, and now on America, with a formidable professorial contribution. For not all the contributors are undergraduates: a recent *Gemini*, for instance, has articles on Direct Action (Michael Scott) and on the futility of Tory radicalism (Robin Marris). One finds that dons and others tend to be more outspoken in writing for undergraduate publications than they might be for a metropolitan one.

Of course, most of the contributors, undergraduates or not, are humanists, and one must remember behind them the thousands of scientists who remain silent but who share, if not the same interests, the same emotions – about sex, loneliness, etc., themes which make the fiction valuable as a record of how one feels at this time of one's life. Exceptional in covering scientific interests is Manchester's *Solem*: recent issues included articles on statistics, biochemistry, philosophy, as well as the provincial theatre (Sam Wanamaker) and trade unions.

All these magazines, and others like them, are upholding a minority culture – the most important we have – in and against the society to which these

contributors are on their way. The big issue, that crops up everywhere, is still committedness, dissatisfaction with a timeserving and conformist society. This is basically a political issue, but – and it is a big 'but' – a widespread disgust at party politics makes most writers argue it in non-political terms. It's worth asking at this point what the modern undergraduate's allegiances are. The admirable *Cambridge Opinion* recently undertook a survey – of course only in Cambridge. It showed a predominantly Conservative undergraduate (Liberals second, Labour third), who doesn't watch TV except at home, favours *The Times* ('but many no doubt include it on the basis of the slightest glance'). The other place (*Isis*) offers a similar picture of the articulate humanist 'reading, inevitably, English', who is 'mildly liberal in outlook but doesn't care very much about politics, though he can be aroused by the H-bomb. He glances at *The Times* . . . When he is forty he will read *The Times* very carefully'.

And this is where Transport House ought to start adding two and two together and making neither five nor three but four, and I will gladly assist by forwarding a selection of these magazines: *Lucifer,* for instance, in which one of these mild Liberals predicts that in fifty years there will be a Liberal party and an anti-Socialist or Tory party, 'but what will happen to Labour I shouldn't like to say'. As Stuart Hall points out in the current *ULR,* there's no law that says Labour will go on for ever. It must adapt or perish. A Labour Party that is no longer radical might as well not exist – no wonder those who think party-politics 'would be tragic if they weren't funny' feel they might as well climb on to the bandwagon that offers the smoothest and least eventful ride to the top.

If Labour is to survive as a party, it must get hold at once – there's no time to lose – of all this natural radicalism of the young. They can supply the causes – nuclear disarmament, the rejection of commercial TV, the Tories' main contribution to our decadent culture; all they ask in exchange is a platform. How much longer have young people got to go on marching to Aldermaston before they can influence national policy? When will 'symbolic action' be translated into political action? When will Labour learn the political lesson of the popularity of cultural radicalism of the kind found in *The Uses of Literacy*? These are the sort of questions these magazines raise.

Labour, as Dennis Potter says in *Isis,* remains, 'like it or not' (and the saving clause is another indication of how little time there is), 'the only practical instrument' for improving our society. By ignoring all this new radicalism, by forcing it to take political issues outside orthodox politics, Labour is contributing to the decadence of our collective life, in which 'nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes'. As Mr Marris says in *Gemini,* the Tories are against ideas, against change, against human understanding. And *Tamesis* still bravely says that 'it is generally established that to be intellectual is to be left-wing', which is more than Labour deserves. How much longer will it go on being said? Deprived of political representation, youthful radicalism has found its outlet in articulate protest. Yet highly critical articles on Osborne (a particularly good one by Winston Fletcher in *Granta*) suggest that many people are sick of negative romanticism, unanchored protests against the apathy and mediocrity of our society, private emotions which ought to be used publicly. Ideas about society, once they have been clearly articulated, must be used politically if they aren't to go bad. And never could our society so ill afford to waste ideas.

K. W. GRANSDEN

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UNTIL fifty years ago our interest in the great epic heroes was literary and nothing else. Figures like Arthur, Roland, the Cid and many others, had been revived by the Romantic movement and were charged by its taste for hero-worship and history. So slight was their relationship with anything going on in the world in the nineteenth century, that the interest in them looks like an attempt to escape from a grey mercantile present into a glamorous past. It was not entirely that; there were the psychological sympathies of the power-lovers, the hankerings after the superman in the Victorian age, the desire to reduce the hero to the outstanding bourgeois. And there were occasional emotional rebounds as well. Southey's superb translation of *The Chronicles of the Cid* may have owed something to emotions stirred by the citizens of the Revolution or the figure of Napoleon, as well as to the dramatic personal contact with Spain. Yet all these responses remain literary and even antiquarian, and some readers must have felt, as I very often have, that the epic heroes were epic bores of featureless and exhausting simplicity.

Times have changed. The conditions out of which a living epic literature might arise have appeared in many parts of the world. Not in the West, perhaps, but certainly in continents where there has been continuous war, and where new orders are forming themselves. We have seen popular movements give a legendary character to their leaders. We have seen leaders looking about them for useful myths. Myth-like figures bob up continually in popular culture. They do not last, for one eclipses another. But the myth-making faculty has generally revived, is no longer derided, is eagerly studied and is made to serve the ends of government – political, religious and psychological. We are back at a moment when a magic, like the discovery of the bones of St James at Compostela, is firmly exploited. In this climate the epic heroes come closer to us and we can see their roots in life. A book like Mr W. S. Merwin's translation of the *Poem of the Cid** – it was broadcast on the Third programme – has now an extra dimension, and since Southey wrote, the Cid has been liberated by that great Spanish scholar Ramón Menéndez Pidal. The Champion now stands clearly and firmly on the dusty soil of Castile and we can know for what solid reasons he became the legendary national hero, and why one of the impulses behind the writing of the poem was what we would now call propaganda. We can see a myth being used, and why it was used.

Rodrigo Diaz, the Cid or Lord, as the Moors called him, the Champion as he was called by the Castilians, was born in 1045 in the village of Vivar in the cornlands near Burgos. He died 56 years later in Valencia and the *Poem* of his real or fantastic feats was written 40 years after his death by a Mozarábe (*i.e.*, a Christian born under Moorish rule) who may have known him. Many who knew him must have still been alive. Vivar was a frontier town. As a boy the Cid fought in the frontier wars of Navarre, and he was brought up at court. He could write. He came of noble stock, though not of the highest nobility, a matter of great importance and strong resentment in his life. The effect of the endless wars had been to increase the number of lesser nobility, the men who had horsemen and vassals, and the Cid belonged to this group. In Navarre whole populations became armigerous. They had their property in land and mills. (The Cid was mocked at for his mills.) Their road to great wealth was to obtain the spoils of war and here the Cid enormously succeeded. His 'ill-shod outcasts' told the Count of Barcelona: 'We keep alive by taking from you and others'. The prodigious loot obtained by him from his enemies turned him into a type of self-made millionaire whose daughters are sought for their money by the high nobility, but who, like their father, are socially despised. The *Poem* brings out strongly the private pride in something like a democratic attitude to life which was the great strength of the spirit of Castile, or which made that kingdom, and not feudal Leon, the leader in the wars of Reconquest and the most powerful of the Spanish states. The *Poem* is, in this sense, the voice of an unconscious wartime revolution.

The Cid has often been described as a free-booter, a soldier of fortune who sold himself to Moors and Christians, according to where the profit lay. This is not at all what he would have seemed to his contemporaries. At his birth, Christian Spain lay in the north, Moslem Spain in the south and east; but the majority of Spanish Moslems were, after 300 years, of Ibero-Roman or Gothic stock. There was a mingling of races which had been made possible by Islamic rationalism. The people were bi-lingual. The Cid appears at the moment when a Moorish dynasty was weakening and becoming more penetrable by guerillas who could capture castles if they could not gain territory, and when many Moors had become vassals of the Christian north. In the eleventh century it was not astonishing that a Moorish king should entrust the government of his land to the Cid, nor that the Cid should fight for the Moorish Emir of Saragossa against the Count of Barcelona, nor that he should at other times extend Moorish lands at the expense of Aragon and Castile. The strange thing is that his loyalty to his own King, who had banished him and wronged him out of personal envy and perhaps because of the intrigue of the great landowners and high nobility of Burgos, was constant.

Slaughter and booty are the trades of the Cid. One of the famous moments of the poem occurs after the siege of Valencia where he takes his frightened wife up to the top of a tower so that she can watch the battle and 'see how they earn their bread'. In its terse, plain, homely, always concrete fashion, the poem sets out the labours of an astute fighting man's life, in the sense that he is earning his living and doing what he wishes with his own. Religion is there, but hardly more than formally recognised. There is little of the ideological crusader in him. He is a generous conqueror. There is frequent stress on his legal rights. He insists at the court on every tittle of them but always bows to the law himself. The amusing and well-known episode of borrowing money from the Jews on a false security – the boxes of sand said to be boxes of gold – indicates that the writer of the poem was aware of the economics of guerilla warfare and knew all about calling on bankers and arranging for commission. This plainness about the ordinary things of a country dealer's life, and the charming small touches – the little girl of nine who explains to the Cid that her family cannot allow a banished man into the house – set the hero in a recognisable world that he loves, and as a man to be esteemed. His pain at parting from his wife is not written up, but is thought of as an excruciating physical pain, in the traditional manner of Spanish realism:

> 'now we part; God knows
> when we shall come together'
> Weeping from his eyes
> you have never seen such grief
> Thus parted the one from the others
> as the nail from the flesh.

He is a real man among real things even when his exploits are fantastic:

> There the rout began
> as it pleased God.
> My Cid and his Knights
> rode in pursuit;
> You would have seen so many tent cords
> snapped, and the poles down,
> And so many embroidered tents lying on the ground.

And in the court brawl where the Cid storms at the rich nobles who have married his daughters and then left them stripped and beaten in a wood because they are not good enough socially, the scene has the roughness of nature. Here, above all, one sees the Cid quietly affirming the law. He is not a lawless man.

This plain, bare, directness of the *Poem*, its lack of hyperbole and of elaborate message, is in itself delightful; but there is another aspect in which we see the myth-making faculty at work. Brenan discusses this in his *Literature of the Spanish People* and it can be followed in more detail in Pidal. The *Poem of the Cid* was written directly under the influence of the *Chanson de Roland* which commemorated the greatness of Charlemagne 300 years after his death, whereas the *Poem of the Cid* was almost contemporary. The *Chanson* has a quality, Brenan says, peculiar to French art but never found in Spanish. It does not stop at telling a story, 'it sets up a universal pattern or example. Already in this period we can see the French mind at work, consciously and deliberately creating ideas and values'. It is a work animated by the crusading spirit and fortified by national and religious propaganda; for it was the French, and especially the Benedictines of Cluny, the intellectual commissars of Europe, who had established the figure of St James of Compostela as a symbol of the Christian drive against Islam, and who had established the pilgrimage route across the Pyrenees to the shrine as a sort of political duty. The famous battle at Roncesvalles occurs on the pilgrims' road over the Pyrenees and is an incident in ideological warfare.

* *The Poem of the Cid*. Translated by W. S. MERWIN. *Dent*. 16s.

But as the Spaniards fought back against a real occupation of their country, they began to resist the centralising sophisticated ambitions of a remote French Europe. The Spanish peasant disliked the new feudal tenures the Cluniac monks sought to impose. There was strong opposition to the introduction of the Roman rite. The Cid's handwriting itself is in the old script, not the new standard script being introduced by the planners of the new Europe. The *Poem of the Cid* is, in short, the assertion of the Spanishness of the struggle. The Cid is more than a great fighter, he represents the appearance of a Spanish view, opposed to the spirit of the French propagandists. Brenan says there is nothing in French literature of the twelfth century to compare with the assured and responsible political feeling of the *Poem of the Cid* and that one of the reasons for this was that the Spaniards were not taken up with the international question of the relations of the Church to the civil authorities. There was no ideological right and wrong for the Spaniards; on the contrary, from the simple view of the ordinary free man, the tone is set by that famous line: 'God, what a good vassal, if only he had a good lord'. If we are to look for a contemporary parallel – admittedly a dangerous amusement – we see the Spanish relation to the new monolithic system of France and Rome as something like, say, the relation of Yugoslavs to Russians. The situation is as primitive. The other point is that heroes may rise spontaneously, but they are not heroes unless they arise out of fundamental situations in their age – they are not merely courageous, fortunate men or splendidly tragic men – and that no myth crystallises about these popular figures except through the means of an acceptable propaganda. The French genius had to suggest an idea; the Spanish genius, to be effective politically, had to turn to a man and to convey that Islam was conquered and Europe saved, not by a complex organisation and an ideology, but by a banished man of just instincts, well-set in his own land.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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son. From these *Conversations* a consistent personality emerges: dry, polymath, and protected by a sharp cutting edge. A row with Stravinsky, one feels, might be a bad plan.

He makes his position plain – although it could equally well be deduced from his music. 'The musicians of my generation and I myself owe the most to Debussy,' he says. And then, as a rider, 'I would like to admit all Strauss operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality . . . *Ariadne* makes me want to scream'. Webern he approves; also Schoenberg and Berg; he has generous things to say about Boulez. He likes Busoni's *Doktor Faustus*, and Mahler's songs. And on the side he has some wise things to say.

> It is not generally a good sign when the first thing we remark about a work is its instrumentation; and the composers we remark it of – Berlioz, Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel – are not the best composers.

But on the whole he is less interesting when he talks directly about music than when he reminisces about the people he knew thirty and forty years ago. There is a lovely picture of Satie, who preferred a hammock to a bed, lying in winter with a row of bottles below him, filled with hot water and laid flat. 'It looked like some strange kind of marimba.' Apropos of Jacques Rivière's efforts to get free seats for *Le Rossignol*, he says caustically, 'Re-reading his letters I am struck by the malady of the French about theatre tickets; they will do absolutely anything to get tickets except *buy* them'. Or again, of the Futurists: they 'were not the aeroplanes they wanted to be but they were at any rate a pack of very nice, noisy Vespas'.

Robert Craft has caught the tone of this kind of thing very well, although he has allowed too many slips through his proofs. Henri Micheaux is a new name to literature, Robert Delauney to art, and Princess Edmonde de Polignac to patronage. Some fearful pieces of prose have also crept in: 'The harp can glissando and arpeggiate *en masse*,' or 'kaleidoscopic montages for contortuplicate personalities'. But these errors are compensated by such rectification of legend as the reaction of Diaghilev to the *Sacre du Printemps* scandal of 1913. 'So far from weeping and reciting Pushkin in the Bois de Boulogne as the legend is, Diaghilev's only comment was "Exactly what I wanted"'.

It is a pity that these Conversations are not slightly more extensive and cast in a slightly different form. Eckermann and Boswell still offer the best models for this kind of thing; and it would be fascinating to be given the chance of watching Stravinsky's mind at work on a less limited field. As it is, the themes never have time to develop; each topic has to be abandoned with a sudden jolt just as the ideas begin to flow. But at any rate the book, except when it lapses into jargon, is an accessible one; and it may do something to counteract the provincial English notion that Stravinsky is little more than an ice-cold cosmopolitan manipulator of musical textures who somehow went off the rails, more or less for good, after writing *Petrouchka*. It may not easily accord with our national idea of what a great composer ought to be like to find Stravinsky armed with both a wit and a self-confidence which brook no question. There is very little false modesty in this book. But there is a generous vitality, and a quick recognition of merit in others, even if their faults get a painful drubbing on occasion. And finally there is good evidence for the creative vigour which produces the *Threni* and *Agon* after nearly fifty years of eager experiment.

ARTHUR PUMPHREY

Pray Don't Castrate Me!

Loathsome Women. By LEOPOLD STEIN and M. ALEXANDER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

How much confidence can you have in a psychiatrist who puts out a popular book of demi-fictitious, vamped-up case-histories with such a catchpenny, cocktail-party conversational title? One's first, and perhaps purist-feminist, impulse is to say: Hold out your ego, sir! and to give Dr Stein a sharp touch-up with the Medusa's hair-brush, or whatever archetypal instrument of correction the Jungian code enjoins for witch-masters. But as one reads doggedly through the welter of lady novelist's prose – it was a nearly fatal idea to enlist the co-operation of 'the well-known authoress and TV playwright, Martha Alexander' – one finds that not only has Dr Stein several interesting points to make, but that he is in some ways naive to the point of innocence and, for so fearful an incubus, quite benevolent.

The book consists of a description of four women patients, all apparently cases of hysteria with at least one showing marked obsessional features. It is peculiarly maddening to learn that these are not true individual case-histories, but fictional reconstructions, in accordance with that American convention which is one of the curses of popularised psychiatry. They are typified as The Enchantress, The Hag, The Spider, The Lady Bountiful, and used to illustrate the favourite and fundamental Jungian hypothesis of the animus and the anima, the masculine and feminine principle in every psyche, male or female, disharmony between which is the cause of all the trouble. In all these four it is too much animus struggling to get out that prompts their fierce aggression towards men, binds them in an archaic cycle of fairy into hag, bitch into witch, and links them with the witch-cult.

It is all fairly typical Jungian literature, and Jungian literature, for all its intuitive flashes, is apt to be, as Aldous Huxley remarks, 'like a vast quaking bog. At every painful step the reader sinks to the hip in jargon and generalisations, with never a patch of firm intellectual ground to rest on, and only rarely, in that endless expanse of jelly, the blessed relief of a hard concrete particular fact'. Yet Dr Stein has some distinctly stimulating suggestions to make: about mutual projection, and about the role of the feminist element in the history of witch-cult. He makes good use, too, of the 'Wife of Bath's Tale' as a plea for sex equality and a psychological myth with a complete cure as its happy ending; and he is interesting about the nature of sexual love in the age of chivalry.

The farther, in fact, that Dr Stein stays away from the individual unconscious the more worth reading he is. Towards the end of the book, when all four analyses are bowling along after the peculiarly satisfactory manner of fictitious case-histories, he sees himself now as master of a witch-coven, now as a knight who is in the middle of a ring of four fairies who change abruptly into hags. He remains terrified of them. The cures come very suddenly. Here is one: Daphne has just recounted a dream of an eternity ring:

> It was indeed a marvellous dream showing the coming together of opposites: Mercury, or Hermes of the Phallic power, become a woman's ornament, a silver bracelet. The inconstant element became the symbol of constancy. Daphne, the fairy with haggish power, had become a woman.

It is impossible to treat the whole telepathic square-dance of psychiatrist and patients as any-

thing but fantasy. Dr Stein is however, according to his misty lights, commendably frank about the involvement with his patients of his own animus *and* anima. But it is curious to note how, though he fully admits the importance of phallic fantasies in the witch-cult, he can never – as a conscientious Jungian – consider the possibility of castration fears in the witch-superstition. There is so much evidence for these outside of Freudian literature and case-histories (for instance, in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, where one German witch alone was 'reliably reported' to have removed and confiscated the members of an entire village male population and hidden them in her nest in the church tower) that is really impossible to dismiss them. A Freudian, no doubt, would interpret the relationship with the witches without and the anima within, as a cry of: Pray do not castrate me! How can you treat a poor Jungian so!

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New Novels

The Slide Area. By GAVIN LAMBERT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Rivers of Babylon. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Notion of Sin. By ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Off White. By CHRISTOPHER NICOLE. *Jarrolds.* 15*s.*

You don't need to go to Hollywood to discover how awful it is. The innumerable novels will tell you everything. The latest of these, by Mr Gavin Lambert, adds a new dreadful detail: it seems the place is literally falling apart. Every year some more of it collapses into the Pacific: houses topple, and picnic parties are buried alive. Hence the title of this book, *The Slide Area*, with all it implies about life in the great dream city. Less fluent than *The Last Tycoon*, for this is Mr Lambert's first novel, less knowledgeable than Mr Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run*, it is still the best book about Hollywood so far.

What makes it so good is Mr Lambert's sense of proportion. He knows that the splendours and miseries of the movie world are not on the heroic scale. In one episode a big picture is set up, and shooting begins, but there is trouble with the backers. The producer cuts loose, the script is torn up, the star throws a temperament, and the director is fired. The picture is fatally spoiled, but nobody cares. It will make money. Everyone is sure that his own contribution was good: these people are nourished by their dreams of themselves. Mr Lambert writes about them with cheerful irony, but there are others in Hollywood who interest him more. These are the ones whom the dream has failed, though of course they do not know it. There is Emma Slack from Galena, Illinois, married at fifteen and playing the ingenue in a film called *High School Ghoul*. 'You can smell the money here,' she says breathlessly, 'like jasmine.' Not much of it is going her way. There is Mark Cusden, a public school narcissist. There is the Countess Osterberg-Steblechi, an artist of sorts who painted Nijinsky once; now blind and deaf, she feeds on eclairs and Dubonnet and believes she is living in Marrakesh. There are the drunken harpies Zeena and Henrietta with their mad little ditties:

> God made a river,
> God made a lake,
> But when God made you dear
> He made a big mistake.

These are not caricatures but portraits full of sympathy. Mr Lambert looks at the ludicrous Hollywood world with a level eye. He is fond but not infatuated. He doesn't overdo the farce or lay the significance on. The narrator speaks in the first person as a casually employed script-writer, perhaps not unrelated to Mr Lambert. The tone is assured, detached, unemphatic. There is no plot: the novel consists of a series of overlapping episodes. Inevitably one is reminded of Mr Isherwood's Berlin stories, and *The Slide Area* comes out well from the comparison.

Mr Robert Liddell has not published a novel for eight years, so *The Rivers of Babylon* is especially welcome. The scene is Cairo, in the last days of Farouk, and it is beautifully evoked: the squalor and the curious beauty of the place, the brutality and the lunatic charm of the people. Unfortunately, the chief character is that hackneyed hero of recent novels, the expatriate university lecturer. Charles Harbord is an excellent man: self-reliant, modest, sceptical, kind-hearted and cultivated. He is also smug and boring, and Mr Liddell admires him excessively. Much of the book consists of conversations on prescribed subjects staged so that Charles should appear to advantage. This contriving shows poverty of invention, and so does the amount of eating and drinking that the characters are forced to do. Individually, however, the minor characters are amusing and touching: Miss Philippa Caswell, the amateur of religions; Fabian the charming, snobbish Embassy ass; the terrible Turk Suleiman with his huge verse drama; Fawzy, the unique, intelligent student who kills himself; callow, cross Simon Archdale, the new young lecturer. Mr Liddell has broad sympathies, and he knows where he stands. His is a shapely novel, most skilfully planned. It is a pity that the writing is rather languid, so that the fine asperity of Mr Liddell's earlier books has been lost.

One has some resistance to the large words of the language: love, truth, life, faith, death. When they turn up in the title of a book, one feels that more is promised than will be paid. So it is with *The Notion of Sin*. Carl Dickson works on Madison Avenue. He is a womaniser with a load of guilt who decides to go straight and get married. Unfortunately, his choice falls on a randy little thing who determines on the wedding night that she prefers his best friend. That sets the roundabout spinning. Love goes out of the window, and everybody has 'palship with sex' instead. It all ends in tears naturally, and Carl steps off into the night for a spell of neurotic hitch-hiking around America. Evidently Mr McLaughlin has a serious theme, and sometimes he writes quite well. It is hard to see why so little comes across. The best parts of the book are the brief evocations of New York: Manhattan under snow, the hoboes' chess club in Times Square, the imbecilities of the late night radio shows. When Mr McLaughlin gets on to people, however, a terrible magaziney quality enters the writing, seemingly because of a shyness about saying what he means.

One has one's ideas of life in British Guiana largely from the strange novels of Mr Edgar Mittelholtzer. Fascinating as they are, one hardly takes them seriously, with their wild style and their theme of superstition and violence in a setting of racial confusion. Now confirmation comes from another Guianese novelist, Mr Christopher Nicole. *Off White* begins quietly with the settler bringing home his English bride to the upcountry estate, but a couple of chapters later he is trying to rape his little daughter, and we know where we all are. Mr Nicole is not a natural writer, but he knows how to tell a story, and so his novel is easy to read, if rather silly.

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son. From these *Conversations* a consistent personality emerges: dry, polymath, and protected by a sharp cutting edge. A row with Stravinsky, one feels, might be a bad plan.

He makes his position plain – although it could equally well be deduced from his music. 'The musicians of my generation and I myself owe the most to Debussy,' he says. And then, as a rider, 'I would like to admit all Strauss operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality . . . *Ariadne* makes me want to scream'. Webern he approves; also Schoenberg and Berg; he has generous things to say about Boulez. He likes Busoni's *Doktor Faustus*, and Mahler's songs. And on the side he has some wise things to say.

> It is not generally a good sign when the first thing we remark about a work is its instrumentation; and the composers we remark it of – Berlioz, Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel – are not the best composers.

But on the whole he is less interesting when he talks directly about music than when he reminisces about the people he knew thirty and forty years ago. There is a lovely picture of Satie, who preferred a hammock to a bed, lying in winter with a row of bottles below him, filled with hot water and laid flat. 'It looked like some strange kind of marimba.' Apropos of Jacques Rivière's efforts to get free seats for *Le Rossignol*, he says caustically, 'Re-reading his letters I am struck by the malady of the French about theatre tickets; they will do absolutely anything to get tickets except *buy* them'. Or again, of the Futurists: they 'were not the aeroplanes they wanted to be but they were at any rate a pack of very nice, noisy Vespas'.

Robert Craft has caught the tone of this kind of thing very well, although he has allowed too many slips through his proofs. Henri Micheaux is a new name to literature, Robert Delauney to art, and Princess Edmonde de Polignac to patronage. Some fearful pieces of prose have also crept in: 'The harp can glissando and arpeggiate *en masse*,' or 'kaleidoscopic montages for contortuplicate personalities'. But these errors are compensated by such rectification of legend as the reaction of Diaghilev to the *Sacre du Printemps* scandal of 1913. 'So far from weeping and reciting Pushkin in the Bois de Boulogne as the legend is, Diaghilev's only comment was "Exactly what I wanted"'.

It is a pity that these Conversations are not slightly more extensive and cast in a slightly different form. Eckermann and Boswell still offer the best models for this kind of thing; and it would be fascinating to be given the chance of watching Stravinsky's mind at work on a less limited field. As it is, the themes never have time to develop; each topic has to be abandoned with a sudden jolt just as the ideas begin to flow. But at any rate the book, except when it lapses into jargon, is an accessible one; and it may do something to counteract the provincial English notion that Stravinsky is little more than an ice-cold cosmopolitan manipulator of musical textures who somehow went off the rails, more or less for good, after writing *Petrouchka*. It may not easily accord with our national idea of what a great composer ought to be like to find Stravinsky armed with both a wit and a self-confidence which brook no question. There is very little false modesty in this book. But there is a generous vitality, and a quick recognition of merit in others, even if their faults get a painful drubbing on occasion. And finally there is good evidence for the creative vigour which produces the *Threni* and *Agon* after nearly fifty years of eager experiment.

ARTHUR PUMPHREY

Pray Don't Castrate Me!

Loathsome Women. By LEOPOLD STEIN and M. ALEXANDER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

How much confidence can you have in a psychiatrist who puts out a popular book of demi-fictitious, vamped-up case-histories with such a catchpenny, cocktail-party conversational title? One's first, and perhaps purist-feminist, impulse is to say: Hold out your ego, sir! and to give Dr Stein a sharp touch-up with the Medusa's hair-brush, or whatever archetypal instrument of correction the Jungian code enjoins for witch-masters. But as one reads doggedly through the welter of lady novelist's prose – it was a nearly fatal idea to enlist the co-operation of 'the well-known authoress and TV playwright, Martha Alexander' – one finds that not only has Dr Stein several interesting points to make, but that he is in some ways naive to the point of innocence and, for so fearful an incubus, quite benevolent.

The book consists of a description of four women patients, all apparently cases of hysteria with at least one showing marked obsessional features. It is peculiarly maddening to learn that these are not true individual case-histories, but fictional reconstructions, in accordance with that American convention which is one of the curses of popularised psychiatry. They are typified as The Enchantress, The Hag, The Spider, The Lady Bountiful, and used to illustrate the favourite and fundamental Jungian hypothesis of the animus and the anima, the masculine and feminine principle in every psyche, male or female, disharmony between which is the cause of all the trouble. In all these four it is too much animus struggling to get out that prompts their fierce aggression towards men, binds them in an archaic cycle of fairy into hag, bitch into witch, and links them with the witch-cult.

It is all fairly typical Jungian literature, and Jungian literature, for all its intuitive flashes, is apt to be, as Aldous Huxley remarks, 'like a vast quaking bog. At every painful step the reader sinks to the hip in jargon and generalisations, with never a patch of firm intellectual ground to rest on, and only rarely, in that endless expanse of jelly, the blessed relief of a hard concrete particular fact'. Yet Dr Stein has some distinctly stimulating suggestions to make: about mutual projection, and about the role of the feminist element in the history of witch-cult. He makes good use, too, of the 'Wife of Bath's Tale' as a plea for sex equality and a psychological myth with a complete cure as its happy ending; and he is interesting about the nature of sexual love in the age of chivalry.

The farther, in fact, that Dr Stein stays away from the individual unconscious the more worth reading he is. Towards the end of the book, when all four analyses are bowling along after the peculiarly satisfactory manner of fictitious case-histories, he sees himself now as master of a witch-coven, now as a knight who is in the middle of a ring of four fairies who change abruptly into hags. He remains terrified of them. The cures come very suddenly. Here is one: Daphne has just recounted a dream of an eternity ring:

> It was indeed a marvellous dream showing the coming together of opposites: Mercury, or Hermes of the Phallic power, become a woman's ornament, a silver bracelet. The inconstant element became the symbol of constancy. Daphne, the fairy with haggish power, had become a woman.

It is impossible to treat the whole telepathic square-dance of psychiatrist and patients as any-

thing but fantasy. Dr Stein is however, according to his misty lights, commendably frank about the involvement with his patients of his own animus *and* anima. But it is curious to note how, though he fully admits the importance of phallic fantasies in the witch-cult, he can never – as a conscientious Jungian – consider the possibility of castration fears in the witch-superstition. There is so much evidence for these outside of Freudian literature and case-histories (for instance, in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, where one German witch alone was 'reliably reported' to have removed and confiscated the members of an entire village male population and hidden them in her nest in the church tower) that is really impossible to dismiss them. A Freudian, no doubt, would interpret the relationship with the witches without and the anima within, as a cry of: Pray do not castrate me! How can you treat a poor Jungian so!

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New Novels

The Slide Area. By GAVIN LAMBERT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Rivers of Babylon. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Notion of Sin. By ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Off White. By CHRISTOPHER NICOLE. *Jarrolds.* 15*s.*

You don't need to go to Hollywood to discover how awful it is. The innumerable novels will tell you everything. The latest of these, by Mr Gavin Lambert, adds a new dreadful detail: it seems the place is literally falling apart. Every year some more of it collapses into the Pacific: houses topple, and picnic parties are buried alive. Hence the title of this book, *The Slide Area*, with all it implies about life in the great dream city. Less fluent than *The Last Tycoon*, for this is Mr Lambert's first novel, less knowledgeable than Mr Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run*, it is still the best book about Hollywood so far.

What makes it so good is Mr Lambert's sense of proportion. He knows that the splendours and miseries of the movie world are not on the heroic scale. In one episode a big picture is set up, and shooting begins, but there is trouble with the backers. The producer cuts loose, the script is torn up, the star throws a temperament, and the director is fired. The picture is fatally spoiled, but nobody cares. It will make money. Everyone is sure that his own contribution was good: these people are nourished by their dreams of themselves. Mr Lambert writes about them with cheerful irony, but there are others in Hollywood who interest him more. These are the ones whom the dream has failed, though of course they do not know it. There is Emma Slack from Galena, Illinois, married at fifteen and playing the ingenue in a film called *High School Ghoul*. 'You can smell the money here,' she says breathlessly, 'like jasmine.' Not much of it is going her way. There is Mark Cusden, a public school narcissist. There is the Countess Osterberg-Steblechi, an artist of sorts who painted Nijinsky once; now blind and deaf, she feeds on eclairs and Dubonnet and believes she is living in Marrakesh. There are the drunken harpies Zeena and Henrietta with their mad little ditties:

> God made a river,
> God made a lake,
> But when God made you dear
> He made a big mistake.

These are not caricatures but portraits full of sympathy. Mr Lambert looks at the ludicrous Hollywood world with a level eye. He is fond but not infatuated. He doesn't overdo the farce or lay the significance on. The narrator speaks in the first person as a casually employed script-writer, perhaps not unrelated to Mr Lambert. The tone is assured, detached, unemphatic. There is no plot: the novel consists of a series of overlapping episodes. Inevitably one is reminded of Mr Isherwood's Berlin stories, and *The Slide Area* comes out well from the comparison.

Mr Robert Liddell has not published a novel for eight years, so *The Rivers of Babylon* is especially welcome. The scene is Cairo, in the last days of Farouk, and it is beautifully evoked: the squalor and the curious beauty of the place, the brutality and the lunatic charm of the people. Unfortunately, the chief character is that hackneyed hero of recent novels, the expatriate university lecturer. Charles Harbord is an excellent man: self-reliant, modest, sceptical, kind-hearted and cultivated. He is also smug and boring, and Mr Liddell admires him excessively. Much of the book consists of conversations on prescribed subjects staged so that Charles should appear to advantage. This contriving shows poverty of invention, and so does the amount of eating and drinking that the characters are forced to do. Individually, however, the minor characters are amusing and touching: Miss Philippa Caswell, the amateur of religions; Fabian the charming, snobbish Embassy ass; the terrible Turk Suleiman with his huge verse drama; Fawzy, the unique, intelligent student who kills himself; callow, cross Simon Archdale, the new young lecturer. Mr Liddell has broad sympathies, and he knows where he stands. His is a shapely novel, most skilfully planned. It is a pity that the writing is rather languid, so that the fine asperity of Mr Liddell's earlier books has been lost.

One has some resistance to the large words of the language: love, truth, life, faith, death. When they turn up in the title of a book, one feels that more is promised than will be paid. So it is with *The Notion of Sin*. Carl Dickson works on Madison Avenue. He is a womaniser with a load of guilt who decides to go straight and get married. Unfortunately, his choice falls on a randy little thing who determines on the wedding night that she prefers his best friend. That sets the roundabout spinning. Love goes out of the window, and everybody has 'palship with sex' instead. It all ends in tears naturally, and Carl steps off into the night for a spell of neurotic hitch-hiking around America. Evidently Mr McLaughlin has a serious theme, and sometimes he writes quite well. It is hard to see why so little comes across. The best parts of the book are the brief evocations of New York: Manhattan under snow, the hoboes' chess club in Times Square, the imbecilities of the late night radio shows. When Mr McLaughlin gets on to people, however, a terrible magaziney quality enters the writing, seemingly because of a shyness about saying what he means.

One has one's ideas of life in British Guiana largely from the strange novels of Mr Edgar Mittelholtzer. Fascinating as they are, one hardly takes them seriously, with their wild style and their theme of superstition and violence in a setting of racial confusion. Now confirmation comes from another Guianese novelist, Mr Christopher Nicole. *Off White* begins quietly with the settler bringing home his English bride to the upcountry estate, but a couple of chapters later he is trying to rape his little daughter, and we know where we all are. Mr Nicole is not a natural writer, but he knows how to tell a story, and so his novel is easy to read, if rather silly.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,529 **Set by L. Clarendon**

The Boilermakers' Union has just awarded a prize for a poem celebrating its 125th anniversary. It had to deal in some part with the work of the boilermaker. Competitors are asked to submit verses (limit 16 lines) hymning any one of the following: Institute of Directors, BMA, Equity, NUR, RIBA, WVS. Entries by Monday, 22 June.

Result of No. 1,526 **Set by Adam**

The usual prizes are offered for a poem 'In Dispraise of Gardens'. Limit 16 lines: use of the rhyme *wot, plot, not, grot,* etc., will disqualify.

Report

'Nine months' work: three months' disappointment,' said the gardening cynic and competitors agreed whole-heartedly. Mother Earth emerged the wickedest of stepmothers and Dame Nature a vicious harridan. Ethel Talbot Scheffauer alone suggested the gardener's indomitable optimism:

> And yet, through wind and rain,
> You'll plant it all again.

Tennyson's Maud was warned off by Jane Berkoff and others; Annie Allen implored relief from—

> —desperate dandelions with eight-inch roots
> Perennially parachuting.

After a weeding out almost as agonizing as in a neglected border, I suggest division of the prizes among the authors printed. A consolatory bouquet to Winifred Tayler, T. R. Johnson, E. J. Roberts, D. R. Peddy, James S. Fidgen, B. R. Davis, Vera Telfer, Nigel Gill, G. J. Blundell.

A GODFORSAKEN GARDEN

On a new estate, between gravel and clay-ground,
At the suburb's edge, between field and town,
Walled round with brick like a prep-school playground
Is the ghastly garden that gets me down.
There's a heap of stones, that we call 'the rockery',
And a tangle of tussocks we term 'the lawn'.
In the poisoned earth of the rosebed's mockery
Toadstools spawn.

The soil is strewn with the builders' rubble,
The briars grow bold and the brambles bind.
The neighbours gather to watch my trouble
And tender advice that is seldom kind.
Bottles and boots and broken kettles
Gleam in the gloom of the blossomless bed,
And under the wall, in a nest of nettles,
Cats lie dead.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Oh, work not in your garden;
It has the primal curse.
Let foolish Adams harden
Their hands, if nothing worse.

With crops of weeds and darnel
'Tis meet the plot should blow,
Where tumulus and charnel
Their properties bestow.

Let others till and mind it
In rain and heat and cold,
For soon enough you'll find it,
Your own small bed of mould.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Of grass I've had my chlorophyll
It grows here all for lawn
No blade cuts blade; the mower's still
Since palms have grown a corn.

Go to, thou ant, thou slug who bide
In wait for root and stem
And fatten on insecticide
And know no requiem.

I have no heart for fork and spade
Or sprays that kill the grubs
And wilt to hear those compost talks
Dished out to gardening clubs.

Nay, Babylon was firm and just—
No sentimental pardons—
No mercy for her angry dust—
She hanged her bloody gardens.

LYNDON IRVING

There is no peace in gardens. Boring bees
Do go on so: show-off birds give tongue,
Or, carrying writhing worms to feed their young,
Bicker their way through caterpillared trees.
A green-thumbed devotee upon his knees
Tinkers with stuttering mower, and (among
The blatant roses wallowing in dung)
A shrill-voiced hostess, desperate to please
Rattles off, proudly, name after Latin name.
Now little cruel gusts sweep through my hair,
Laden with sneeze-inducing pollen. . . . Who
Could find my hate of gardens cause for blame,
As here I perch on a split-canvased chair
Just seeking quiet for an hour or two?

MARGOT CROSSE

I said 'I'll have arbours and bowers
With the scents that townspeople forget,
Like stock, cherry-pie, gillyflowers,
Sweet pea, mignonette'.

But in spite of my sedulous wheedlings
They won't function according to rule;
Even pigeons, while chewing my seedlings,
Moan 'Coo! Ooh, you fool!'

Alas, that my zeal and elation
Should suffer so grievous a fall!
I've grown blisters, lumbago, frustration—
And that's about all.

So I've moved, just to show my defiance,
To a gardenless flat in W.4,
With that most labour-saving appliance,
A florist's, next door.

CYMRAES

The publishers of *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,* reviewed in last week's issue, are Deutsch and Weidenfeld & Nicolson and not Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Deutsch.

City Lights

Brewers' Protection Society

Mr Clore's war against the brewers, unfortunately for him, is still in its phoney stage. He may have hoped, when he made his first probing bid for Watney two or three weeks ago, that the directors, like others before them, would be sufficiently outraged by his impudence to throw the whole of their resources into an immediate counter-attack; he then, given the chance leisurely to assess the full strength of the enemy, would have been able either to mass overwhelming forces of his own or to move quietly on to something more easily overwhelmable. But the brewers, with Alan Herbert and Barbara Castle to back them, are wilier than that. Someone has pointed out to Mr Combe that there is no need to rush into a counter-attack while the public, helped perhaps by a few friends in the trade, continues to keep the market price of his shares well above Mr Clore's bid price. Mr Combe, accordingly, has rolled Fabius and Brer Rabbit into one; doing nothing has given him the initiative for the moment and passed the nervous strain of waiting on to Mr Clore. The one risk in these tactics is that the friends who have so decently agreed to keep up the price of Watney shares in the market may gradually acquire quite a number of them as time goes by.

One episode, at any rate, has helped to relieve the monotony of the in-between time. Mr Clore is thought to have borrowed half the money needed to finance his bid, most of it from one foreign bank and the rest from several others. The story has been going round for a couple of weeks—long enough to appear in print and remain unchallenged—that Lloyds, Watney's own bankers, were discovered by Mr Combe in the act of lending money to Mr Clore to finance his take-over. Whatever truth there may be in this, Mr Combe probably exaggerated the size of it: however anxious Lloyds may be to retain the Watney account, they are scarcely likely to have hedged against the future quite so obviously. But the long and short of an animated discussion between Mr Combe and Sir Oliver Franks, according to the story, was that Mr Combe decided to take the Watney account somewhere else. Sir Oliver could shrug this off more easily were it not for the fact that a great many other brewers with accounts to move also bank with Lloyds. Next month's clearing bank statistics may very well prove to be uncommonly full of human interest.

An even bigger joke in its way is the proposed merger between Ind Coope and Taylor Walker. Taylor Walker has been the market take-over favourite among the larger brewers for years past, and now it is to be taken over: Mr Clore, of course, has nothing to do with it, but the coincidence of timing is remarkable. Talks between the two companies were renewed last month when 'it seemed to us that our industry might be entering a new climate of trading'. The merger, if it goes through—and it is extraordinary that the two boards have produced no up-to-date property valuation to justify the terms proposed for it—will produce the largest aspidistra in the trade.

* * *

Whether or not the stock market in general is finally due for the shake-out even overworked stockbrokers are anxious for, property shares, the leaders of the speculative boom, are already beginning to show their readiness to lead the relapse. The new issue boom in property shares is still going strong—the latest result shows oversubscription 100 times over—but the party has been going on for some time and the drinks are getting a little peculiar.

The usual recipe has been to take a miscellaneous parcel of properties, revalue them bang up-to-date, estimate what they will earn when the directors' development plans come to fruition, and then hand them on to the public at a price well above asset value which offers a correspondingly exiguous yield. So far, so good, but the latest prospectus breaks fresh ground. The company in question is ordinary enough in most respects: it is a shell company, still holding some mining rights in Ghana, the bulk of the shares in which were recently issued by the directors to themselves and their friends in exchange for three small property companies. These properties have now been revalued, and shares—a fifth of the issued capital—are to be offered to the general public at a price of 2s. 6d. apiece, against an asset value of some 1s. 6d. The profit and dividend position might justify this discrepancy. But past profits are absurdly small and presumably irrelevant since many of the properties have been bought for their reversionary value. The Stock Exchange gets its quotation fee and the public is offered a lucky dip.

TAURUS

PERSONAL

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WEEK of House-Partying with international set in converted Suffolk coaching Inn. Dances, Socials, 7 tennis courts, club-house, liberal arts discussion circles. Youthful in spirit only need apply. Weekly from 14 June. £10 inc. Half Moon House, Clare, Suffolk.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

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CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition - the inplacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) - remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. - Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

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PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JUNE 'Labour Monthly', 'Geneva and the People', Nora Jeffery; 'Crisis, Coal and Oil', R. P. Arnot, 'Too Many Young People', G. Pocock. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly, post free. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

UMBRELLA quarterly, summer number. Philip Larkin, Paul Jennings, Stephen Joseph, John Hewitt. Art, Theatre, Literature. Illustrated. The 'little' magazine with a difference. 2s. post free from 97 Little Park Street, Coventry.

'WRITERS Should Serve the People' - full text of Krushchov's speech at Soviet Writers' Congress in 'Soviet Weekly', price 3d. Subs. 3s. 3d. quarterly. From Dept. (NS), 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

'PEKING Politics & Psychology' explains China's need of Tibet. Order now. P.O. 8s. 6d. LLAS, 4 Museum St, WC1.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt. Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

'SMOKING—the Cancer Controversy'. Sir Ronald Fisher, ScD, FRS, Britain's senior statistician, rejects the statistical evidence relating lung cancer to smoking in this fascinating pamphlet. Price 2s. 6d. from all booksellers or direct (2s. 9d. post free) from the publishers Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court, High Street, Edinburgh, 1.

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SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

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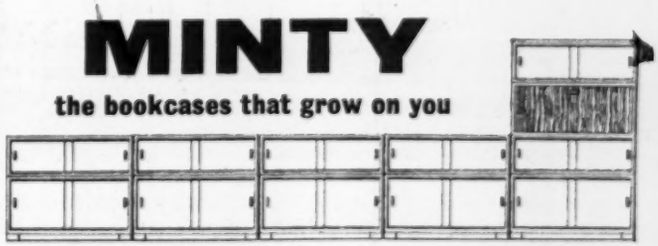

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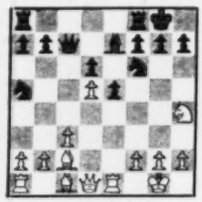
The Chess Board

No. 500. Our New Study Competition

As one gets older one loses the zest for birthday parties and one tries to ignore the relentless reminder of the march of time inherent in any anniversary. Even so, the least I could do about the nice round figure at the top of this column, is to thank readers who have maintained their lively interest for many a year, quite a few of them ever since No. 1. While it may be rash to aim as far ahead as No. 1000, we might as well make the best of the bounty traditionally offered by the Editor whenever two zeros appear at the top of this column. This time he has kindly raised the usual 10 gns to 15, which I will use for a 1st prize of 5 gns, a 2nd of 4 gns, a 3rd of 3 gns and two Hon. Mentions of 1½ gns each. I will add 5 gns of my own to provide a prize of 2 gns and three Hon. Mentions of 1 gn each for British competitors only (and irrespective, of course, of whatever Britons may happen to appear in the 'major' prize-list too). The competition is for studies only—no problems, please!—and, as usual, it is open to anyone anywhere to submit as many entries as they like, provided they are in their virginal state and untouched by anybody else's printer's ink. Entries should reach this office not later than Monday, 29 February 1960. (Yes, it *will* be a leap-year.) As for the Jury, I am happy to announce that André Chéron and Harold Lommer have kindly consented once again to shoulder that arduous no less than honourable burden and to act as Judges and supreme arbiters. We owe them a great debt of gratitude, for they will have to spend hundreds of hours in sifting, checking and rechecking entries as meticulously as can be expected from such eminent experts, both of them among the official Judges honoured by F.I.D.E. Even so, errors may occur, and it is good to know that our vigilant cook-hunters too are constantly on the prowl. To mention but two of their major recent scalps there was the Herbstmann (one of last year's prize-winners) cooked by A. J. Roycroft and the Kasantsev demolished by C. Sandberg: a very prominent piece too in as much as it was dedicated to the last Team Tournament and proudly exhibited on a wall-board all through the Munich Congress. But I would like to end this 'anniversary'-piece on the happier note of a cure rather than a kill. Here's one of Reti's most celebrated studies: /32/5p2/R6B/1K2p3/3k4/. And here the author's brilliant solution: (1) R-Q3 ch, K-K8; (2) R-KB3, K-Q8; (3) B-Kt4, P = Q; (4) R-Q3 mate. Some time ago I sadly reported the discovery of this pedestrian dual: (1) B-Kt4, K-Q7; (2) B x P, K x B; (3) K-B1, P-B6; (4) R-R2 ch, K-K8; (5) R-R8, P-B7; (6) R-K8 ch etc. So far so bad, but Chéron (bless him!) has saved the pretty piece by the relatively simple cure of placing the R on KKt3 rather than QR3.

A: R. Teschner 1959



B: André Chéron, 1952: /5k2/5P2/4p2K/5P1P/p3P2p/3p4/3P3P/8/.

C: H. Lommer: /7k/4p3/K2p1P2/1r2r3/16/R7/3R4/.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black fancied to be winning a P by . . . Kt x P. How was he disillusioned? In due homage to our Hon. Judges, **B** should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points thanks to my useful hint that White, having neatly imprisoned the new enemy Q, will force a draw by stalemate. No hints for **C**, a win for White, rating 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 22 June.

REPORT on No. 497. Set 23 May

A: (1) P-Q7,B-R3!; (2) B-B8,B-B5!; (3) B-Q6,BxB; (4) P=R! B-B5; (5) R-Q2!; B-Kt4; (6) R-Q5, K-B5; (7) R-Q2 etc.

B: (1) P=Q ch, KxQ (best); (2) P-Kt7,R-K4 ch; (3) K-B1!, R-K1; (4) R-KB3!,R-QB1!, (5) R-B7! (R-B8?), and when the P-moves are exhausted Black is lost.

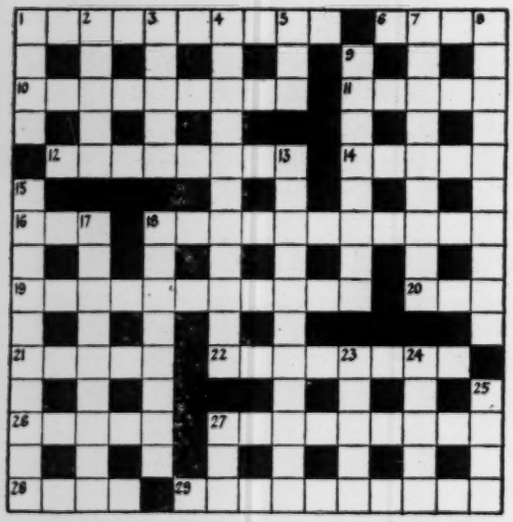
C: (1) B-K3,RxB; (2) RxP,R-QR6 (best); (3) R-Q2 ch, K-K2!; (4) R-Q6!!, R-QB6 (best); (5) R-QB6!!, R-Q6!; (6) R-B2, K-Q2; (7) R-QR2 etc.

Not too easy a lot, but quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, W. H. L. Brooking, J. P. Ford, J. Mitchell, J. J. Walsh. 39th ladder-decade: (1) J. R. Harman (874), (2) K. Beaumont (825), D. E. Cohen (817), (4) A. J. Head (680); all back to scratch.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 359

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 359, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 23 June.



ACROSS

1. Being a doctor I celebrate after legislation the Liberals would welcome (10).
6. Unpleasant matter in a southern seat (4).
10. Calling croakily for wife and sovereign (9).
11. An author or two (5).
12. Once more take a back seat (8).
14. The country included in where I chiefly live (5).
16. Oxford players and others (3).
18. Discipline gives a punishment in the ranks (11).
19. A stupid sailor making a forecast (11).
20. 'We were not born to ——, but to command' (*K. Richard II*) (3).
21. 'Aspiring to be angels men ——' (Pope) (5).
22. The money Ray distributed for the countrymen (8).
26. Last word of a conservative about to pass away (5).
27. Lass doing wrongly in a musical term (9).
28. Rum sights are seen from it (4).
29. Town in which to look back about the evil after war (10).

DOWN

1. 'Evil news rides ——' (Milton) (4).
2. Rating with or without custom (5).
3. One who draws a tall building (5).
4. Paid a salary to write an account after its rising (11).
5. With or without gin this is a drink (3).
7. Sectarians who include a district of the Church within a reorganised parish (9).
8. School which has nearly all of the game in season (10).
9. Beginning with skill in pain (8).
13. Regions finished off by party politicians (11).
15. Send home from a trip wandering in a Roman city (10).
17. Falling to pieces with the sound of thunder when the top disappears (9).
18. If most of Troy disappeared, the schoolmaster would have his eye on us (8).
23. Enough in music to make the fool first-rate (5).
24. Of part of the body in which the road is up below the river (5).
25. Defeat for a popular musician (4).
27. Turn over a town (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 357

C	A	P	R	I	C	O	R	N		C	H	A	M	P
U		A		R		V		O		O		R		L
B	I	L	K	O		I	N	T	E	R	P	O	S	E
I		P		N		D		E		N		S		N
T	H	I	R	S	T		S	W	E	E	T	E	S	T
		T		I		C		O		T				I
G	R	A	N	D	T	O	U	R	S		L	O	A	F
E		T		E		R		T		T		V		U
N	E	E	D		M	O	T	H	E	R	W	E	L	L
D				P		N		Y		I		R		
A	S	T	R	A	G	A	L		A	L	I	S	O	N
R		A		L		T		K		L		H		O
M	A	N	T	A	L	I	N	I		I	V	O	R	Y
E		G		C		O		E		N		O		E
S	T	O	V	E		N	A	V	I	G	A	T	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 357

Wm P. Lavin (Glasgow, SE)
Mrs Anita Plummer (Malta)
Mrs E. Harvey (London, NW7)

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required in Legal Department at the London Headquarters of a large industrial corporation. The post which offers good prospects would suit a recently qualified man including a June finalist, of high ability and energy. The successful applicant will be engaged initially in work of a commercial nature, but will have opportunities of gaining wider experience in common law, parliamentary and other work. Appointment superannuable, initial salary between £900 and £1,000. Write, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, to Box 9114, before 22 June 1959.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITALS FOR NERVOUS DISEASES

Applications are invited for the appointment of a

PSYCHOLOGIST

to give assistance to the Senior Psychologist at The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1. The appointment is full-time. An Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) in Psychology is essential, and post-graduate research experience in experimental or clinical psychology would be an advantage.

The appointment is for a period of one year in the first instance. Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be sent to the Secretary, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, London, WC1, not later than 30 June, 1959.

GRANADA TELEVISION

have a vacancy for an assistant production manager to be based in London. Applicants should be conversant with all aspects of television studio work; have had experience of programme scheduling and a working knowledge of communications and recording processes. A knowledge of programme costing would be an added advantage. Applications giving details of experience to Norman Price,

GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED
Manchester 3.

POST FOR A YOUNG GRADUATE

who has also received the accolade of a secretarial college. The INFORMATION OFFICER of a well-known organisation wants a secretary who can do a spot of research and read the Press intelligently. An interesting post – and we have many others for educated women.

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Competent shorthand and typing are essential and experience of general secretarial duties desirable.

Salary range £425 – £600; the starting point in the range will depend upon age and experience. Luncheon vouchers to the value of 15s. per week are given and there is a staff savings scheme to which the Institute contributes. Hours 9.30 – 5.30; no Saturdays; four weeks' holiday (existing arrangements will stand).

Those interested should apply in writing or by telephone for further information and application form to the Assistant Secretary, Tavistock Institute, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W1. (WEL. 5415.)

HM TREASURY (Economic Section). At least two appointments for work on economic trends at home and overseas are offered to men or women at least 21 and preferably under 30 with at least a 2nd class honours degree in Economics or related subject. Final year students may apply. Initial appointment for 5 years, or less by arrangement. Salary within the range £655-£1,150 (men), the starting point being determined by age and experience. FSSU. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4994/59. Closing date 23 June 1959.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs, 92 Gt Russell Street, London, WC1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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COUNTY of Buckingham. Appointment of Probation Officer. Applications are invited for the appointment of a whole-time female Probation Officer. The appointment and salary will be in accordance with the Probation Rules, and subject to medical examination. Applics, stating age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names, addresses, and descriptions of two referees, must reach me by 22 June 1959. R. E. Millard, Secretary to the Combined Probation Committee, County Hall, Aylesbury.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee, Slough Child Guidance Clinic. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of a second Psychiatric Social Worker to the Slough Child Guidance Team (Psychiatrist in charge – Dr Mildred Pott). Applicants should hold a Mental Health Certificate. The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale for Health Services (Great Britain) for Psychiatric Social Workers. The post is superannuable. A part-time worker would be considered. The Clinic is analytically orientated and organised for diagnosis and treatment. Plans for preventive work in the community are being developed. Further particulars and form of application obtainable from the Principal School Medical Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

SHROPSHIRE Education Committee. Adult Tutor Organiser. Applications invited from men and women for the post of Area Tutor Organiser for adult education in the industrial east and rural south east of the county. There has already been pioneer work in the area and the tutor should carry it further and break new ground. Insight and resource needed in approach to sections of the community mainly outside the appeal of the usual organisations of adult education. The tutor will help in his own subject outside his own area and at the Adult College at Attingham Park, and will co-operate with the band of colleagues from University, Attingham, WEA, LEA. Degree is essential, some form of teaching experience desirable. Wide range of interests valuable in addition to specialism. Salary: Burnham plus £131 5s. Car essential; travelling and subsistence allowances on County scale. Form and particulars (s.a.e.) from undersigned; due back 26 June. H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

WELFARE Workers' team of progressive national social service organisation, with great freedom of action (and therefore much work and responsibility), want another recruit for the London Headquarters: must be able to compose effective letters and to type them. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. Own staff know of this vacancy. Applicants should state present salary & starting sal. expected. Box 8983.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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UNIVERSITY Women's Part-time Employment Agency, 57 Richmond Road, New Barnet, Herts. (BARnet 2647/ENT. 7983.) Applications welcomed from women graduates seeking part-time work London area.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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EDINBURGH. Club facs. facing Castle: International House, 127 Princes Street.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 848

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

E. R. BRAITHWAITE, C. A. R. Crosland, R. H. S. Crossman, David Davies, Desmond Donnelly, J. Halcro Ferguson, Leon Ma Guerrero, Colin Jackson, James Johnson, Marx Lewis, George Thomson, Peter Wiles, David Williams, Raymond Williams, Sir William Williams, at Fabian August Schools. Dets from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI 3077.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

FOOD AND DRINK

GLYNDEBOURNE? Dine at 'The Key' – it's on the way & cheaper. Or come anyway & bring your wine. Chelwood Gate 66.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

15 June at 7.30 The Lady and the Fool, Giselle
20 June at 2.15 The Sleeping Beauty
20 June at 7.30 Ondine

End of Ballet Season

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

16 & 19 June at 6.0 Parsifal (in German)
17 June at 7.30 Medea (in Italian)
18 June at 7.30 Madama Butterfly (in Italian)

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

23-27 June
Evenings 7.30

THE HANDEL OPERA SOCIETY

23 25, 27 June SEMELE
24, 26 June RODELINDA

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Saturday 13 June, at 2 p.m. Society for the Promotion of New Music presents Public Orchestral Rehearsal. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Charles Mackerras. First Speaker Elizabeth Lutyens. Works by William Mathias, John Wilks and Philip Cowlin. Tickets 2s. 6d. on sale at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sunday 21 June at 7.45. Bazm-I-Tafreeh (Cultural Society) presents Mahmood Mall in readings from 'Leaves of Grass' by Walt Whitman. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s. (WAT 3191.)

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Ulysses in Nighttown'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 8th wk. 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems., ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Mats. Thurs. 2.30. 'Orpheus Descending' by Tennessee Williams.

TOWER. 7.30. 11, 12, 13 Jun.: 'The Matchmaker'. 19, 20 (mems 21), 25, 26, 27 Jun: 'Third Person'.—CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY Theatre, EUS. 5391. 'The Risen People', new play, Fr. St. Sn. 7.45 Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & Mon. 15 June). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Jean Cocteau. Until 21 June: 'La Belle et la Bête' (A).

SATYAJIT Ray's 'Aparajito' (English Subtitles), sequel to 'Pathar Panchali'. Royal Commonwealth Society Assembly Hall, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. (Entrance Craven Street.) Thursday, 18 June, 1959, at 7 p.m. Tickets available from: The India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. 2s., 3s., 4s. Members; 1s. extra Non-Mems.

ROXY (BAYswater 2345) W/c. 14 June, Humphrey Bogart, 'Sirocco' (A). Frederico Fellini's 'The Road' (A). Italian.

FILM: Caravan thro' Albania, Balkans, Moscow. Dr Winifred de Kok opens 17 June, 7.45. Conway Hall, Holborn. Exhibition 6.30, 2s. 6d. Studs 1s. 3d. door/PRI. 4068.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. 'At Home' with dancing. Wed. 17 June, 8.30-11 p.m. Entr. free for members, their guests 1s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat., 13 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Adolph Gottlieb: Paintings 1944-1959. Until 4 July. Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Summer Exhibition and Picture Lending Library – Yrly sub. 1 gn., & as many paintings as you wish at 7s. 6d per month.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday. 10-5. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. African, Pre-Columbian, European Sculpture; Baroque and Mannerist Paintings.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Krome Barratt and Frank Fidler. Till 20 June. Daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m. except Sunday.

ST George's Gallery, Laxman Pai – The Life of the Buddha – 12 colour prints. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. 10-6 wkdays, 10-1 Sats.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Francis Bacon – Paintings. Wols – Watercolours. To 4 July. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

JOSEPH Levin. Exhibition of Surconsciencilism. Oils & drawings. Grabowski Gallery, 84 Sloane Ave, SW3 (Nr South Kensington Station). Until 20 June. 10-6 inc. Sats.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Victor Brauner – Paintings. Michael Ayrton – Bronzes, Reliefs, Drawings. Robert Banks – Drawings of Italy. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions – Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Odilon Redon – Paintings, Pastels and Drawings. Entrance 2s. 6d. in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 20 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Ayrton: New Works by Vieira Da Silva: and Paintings by Jawlensky. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 10 Jly.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. English & French Landscapes of the 19th & 20th Centuries (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

WADDINGTON Galleries. Elisabeth Frink – Sculpture and Drawings. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER. 3529) Circus Family & Sun Child: Francis Rose.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings and Sculptures. Jeram Patel. Roy Rasmussen and Eric Allen Taylor. Mary Brooks. 15 June-27 June. Weekdays 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & gouaches: Francis Bott. Until 27 June.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'NUCLEAR Weapons and the Threat of War.' SPGB public meeting: Co-op. Hall, 197 Mare Street, E8. Monday, 15 June, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

CROYDON
Exhibition: St Matthew's Hall, George Street
13 June, 3 p.m.-10 p.m. 15 June 11 a.m.-7 p.m. 16-19 June, 11 a.m.-9.30 p.m. 20 June, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.

TONBRIDGE
Dowgate Hall, 14 June, 3.30 p.m.
Ted Bedford, John Gower, Mrs St John Thornton, Rev. Cyril Newman

SHEFFIELD
Meeting for Women
City (Memorial) Hall, 15 June, 7.30 p.m.
Jacquetta Hawkes, Mrs B. Buchanan, JP, Ald. Mrs Green, Dr K. Garside, Dr M. Harrison

KINGSTON
Exhibition: New Malden Public Library 18 June, 3 p.m.-8 p.m., 19 June, 3 p.m.-6.30 p.m., 20 June, 2 p.m.-5 p.m.
Meeting 19 June, 8 p.m.
Benn Levy, Antoinette Pirie, John Horner

POOLE
Centenary Hall, Wimborne Road, 19 June 7.30 p.m.
Col. Geoffrey Taylor

Universities & Left Review Club
ANTHONY CROSLAND: THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1
Mon. 15 June, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

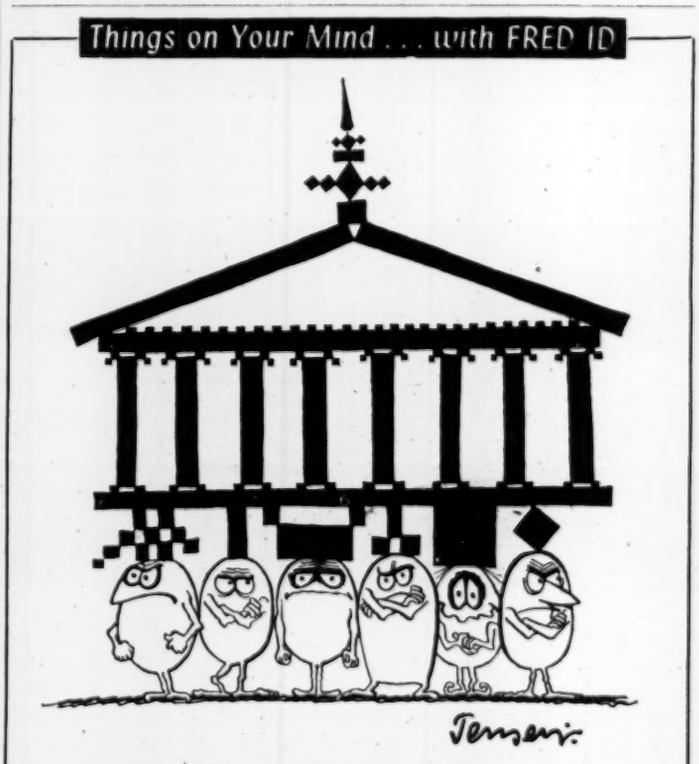
ST Marylebone Labour Party 'Youth . . . is it to be Left? or not?' Dis. for all with a panel of young people. Chairman: Ian Mikardo. Committee Room, Seymour Hall, W1. Wed., 17 June, 8.15. Refreshments.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Film Show. Films by Frank Avray Wilson and Film by Bryan Forbes and William Turnbull. Thurs., 18 June, 7 p.m. Adm. 3s., members 1s. 6d.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. Patricia Beer, Thomas Blackburn and George Macbeth read their own poetry. Chair.: Taner Baybars. Sun. 14 June 8 p.m. 14 Portman St, W1.

CONTEMPORARY Poetry. Jubilee Reading by Kensington and Brompton Centres of Poetry Society, at 8 p.m. 17 June at Leighton House, Kensington High St.

IIWC London Branch. Fri. 19 June, 8.30 p.m. 'Alcoholics Anonymous'. Talk by a Member. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.



11. *At least he puts national conscience over and above his personal beliefs.*

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CHINA – Just Back. Ted Burgess at 50 Howitt Rd, NW3, Sunday, 14 June. Chinese Supper, 7.30. Adm. 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 12 June, 8 p.m. Kyril Zinovieff: 'Consequences of Slavophilism'. Fri. 19 June, 8 p.m. Nathalie Vetchor (mezzo-soprano), acc. Nicolai Kedroff: Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Medtner. Prog. available in advance.

THE Case of Dr Lopez – an historical mystery. The New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam St, W1. 8.30 p.m., Wed. 17 June.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 17 June, 6.30: 'Self & No-Self', Christmas Humphreys. Send 3s. for our journal 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 14 June. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Mrs Dora Russell: 'Education for Peace'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 20 June 6 p.m. Mme R. Bedarida (Alliance Française). La Presse en France.

BHAGAVAD-Gita: Its Ethical Teaching. Sunday, 14 June, 8 p.m. All Welcome. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 14 June, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'The desire to know the purpose of life', Virginia Flemming.

ALCOHOLICS Anonymous. Mr W. R. Padgett, Sec. AA. Leighton House, Kensington, Thurs., 18 June, 8 p.m.

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Eve., 7 p.m. 14 June. H. J. Blackham, BA. 'The Victorian Frame of Mind'. Write for free copy 'Monthly Record'.

SUMMERHILL Society. 16 June, 7.45, Conway Hall. 'What Summerhill Means to Me': panel of pupils, teachers, parents. Adm. 2s. 26 June: Paul Ritter; 10 July: John Aitkenhead.

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THE Association of Industrial & Commercial Executive Accountants Limited (by guarantee). Details of membership, registered studentship and examinations may be obtained from the Secretary, 126 Gt Cambridge Road, London, N17.

THE Re-education Centre (Formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd), 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Caink and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanmeth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

LEARN Spanish in Madrid. Intensive language and commercial courses – summer months and throughout year. Accommodation in Spanish families. Alberto Sampere, Madrid. Apply London representatives: Modern Tutorial College, 31 James St, W1. Tel.: HUNter 2309.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 847

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